

THE GRAPHIC

VOL. XXXI. No. 6

LOS ANGELES, JULY 10, 1909

PRICE TEN CENTS

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE—The Graphic is published every Saturday at Los Angeles, Cal. The subscription price is \$2.50 a year; six months, \$1.40; three months, 75 cents, payable in advance; single copies, 10 cents. Sample copies free on application. News dealers and agents in the interior supplied direct from The Graphic office. Subscribers wishing their address changed should give their old as well as their new location. Checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., should be made payable to The Graphic. Address all communications to the editor at 116 North Broadway, Los Angeles.

Entered at the Los Angeles postoffice as second-class matter. Telephones: Home A 8482; Sunset, Main 180.

SIXTEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

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FAR GUILTIER THAN THE MURDERER

CAROLINA BRASCH, the young woman who met death in San Francisco from a pistol in the hands of an incensed laborer, was the victim of a vicious system instituted by her employers, a firm of wealthy contractors, whose heartless indifference to the crying needs of the men, whose wages they arbitrarily withheld long after it was due, appears to have been directly responsible for the crime. For several weeks, the murderer, Cunningham, at one time an inmate of an insane asylum in Arizona, was compelled to hold his pay check before the red tape of the contractors allowed it to be cashed, and even then a deduction was arbitrarily made, which the holder bitterly resented, claiming it was unwarranted.

Whether this was true or false there is plenty of corroborative evidence to show that the contractors are in the habit of delaying the cashing of pay checks, from thirty to sixty days after due, no matter how pressing the needs of the laborers, who seem to be without lawful protection from this form of petty injustice. Cunningham had worked hard for what was due him, and his inability to get his pay, coupled with the fact that after a long wait, a portion was withheld—unfairly, he claims—so acted upon his easily deranged mental machinery that a desire for vengeance was implanted, with the result that the young woman who represented the System, paid for its wrongs with her life.

Doubtless, the trial will reveal in detail the pernicious practices of the contracting firm whose indefensible methods have caused the death of one innocent employe at the hands of another of its victims. It may develop that by a devilish underground partnership with discount sharks, as hinted, the despicable contractors profited by the plan which drove needy employes to the money brokers, there to cash their pay checks through a heavy discount. If this is proved against the firm, the two partners should be indicted as accessory to the murder and their pun-

ishment made to fit the crime. It was bad enough to deprive men, who had toiled and moiled in the hardest kind of manual labor, for weeks, of their lawful wage, keeping them running incessantly for what was due them; how much more diabolical their form of injustice if it should be shown that the custom which sent the men to the loan sharks was part of the nefarious system, and in which the instigators of it profited!

Cunningham is guilty of an awful crime, the taking of a human life! But contrast the action of this mentally weak, ignorant day laborer with the devilish greed or, at least, brutal indifference, of his employers, whose conduct had exasperated, almost to the point of physical retaliation, many another irate workman before the climax was reached. Perhaps it required this tragedy to bring the principals to book, and so end the era of injustice that has so long endured. If it shall result in the placing of a new law on the statute books, regulating the payment of laborers, and compelling contractors under penalty of a heavy fine for non-observance, to meet their labor obligations within a certain specified time, then Carolina Brasch will not have died in vain. San Francisco authorities should see to it that the lesson is enforced and that a recurrence of the vicious practices indulged in by the guilty firm is rendered impossible by law.

NORTH POLE OPTIMISM OF TODAY

AT THIS season of the year Arctic explorations assume a fascinating exterior. With the mercury in the bulb crowding the hundred mark the paleocrystic sea holds no terrors for the average reader, hence one notes with complacency the announcement that Walter Wellman is making preparations for his thrice-deferred aerial trip from Tromsøe to the north pole. It may be that Walter has waited too long, however. Friends of Commander Robert Peary are found asserting that, having had no news from him in eighteen months, there is every reason to believe he has attained the object of his search. In that event, what a bitter disappointment awaits Mr. Wellman when he sails over the spot and finds a memorandum from Peary to the effect that he has uprooted the pole and taken it back to the United States.

We are profoundly impressed by the spirit of optimism pervading Commander Peary's friends. Because no word has come out of the frozen zone for upward of a year and a half, the conclusion is reached that the explorer has been successful, that he has found the pole. Contrast this attitude of mind with the anxious fears entertained by the friends of Sir John Franklin, whose polar expedition set sail from Greenhithe, May 19, 1845. For upward of five years no news was heard of the Erebus and Terror. Last reported in Baffin's Bay, July 26, 1845, traces of the missing ships were not discovered until August, 1850, when cached reports disclosed the fact that the first winter had been passed near Beechey Island, where the ships remained until April, 1846. Four years later additional news was gleaned by Dr. Rae, proving conclusively that most of the party had perished of cold and hunger, but it was not until 1859 that records, left by the doomed explorers revealed their tragic story. Not a soul survived.

Nor were the friends of Captain George W. De Long, of the ill-fated Jeannette, buoyed up by the belief that he had found the north pole when the months and years slipped by and no news drifted down from the Arctic regions. On the contrary it was predicted from the outset that he and his crew had perished, which, alas, word from Engineer Melville confirmed in that sad despatch from the mouth of the Lena to the secretary of the navy, telling of the loss of the Jeannette, the tramp over ice fields to the Siberian coast, and the death by starvation of Cap-

tain De Long and his boat's crew, save the two brave sailors who made their way to a settlement, looking for succor. Lieutenant Clapp's boat never reached the shore.

Why are we more optimistic in these days than a third of a century ago? What causes Peary's friends to believe that he has found the pole? It is because that region is less of a terra incognita today than in the late forties or the early eighties? Quien sabe? We only know that to this date, after a long silence, no one seems to be worrying about Peary. Perhaps Wellman and he will hobnob together at the pole in August. What a rare meeting that! We would not mind being there. Captain De Long declined to enroll us as one of his crew, but it wouldn't be the first time Wellman and the writer had adventured together.

THAT MONUMENT TO ADAM

WHATEVER the motive that impelled Mr. John P. Brady of Baltimore to erect a monument in recognition of his ancestor, Adam—the last name is not given, perhaps the relationship is on the maternal side—we desire to commend the thoughtful Marylander for his filial act. The worship of ancestry is not so marked in the occident as it is in the orient, and any movement that has a tendency to instill a respect for their elders in Americans deserves to be encouraged. Hence, we felicitate Mr. Brady on the excellent example he has set and hope to see good results accrue because of it. Possibly, we may be accused of harboring bias in the matter. If so, we shall not attempt to refute the charge.

Whatever or whoever may have come between Adam — and us, we are not blind to the relationship that has existed in the past, and, speaking for our branch of the family, we heartily thank Mr. Brady on behalf of the California spawn of Adam's breed—to paraphrase Mr. Kipling. There are a few questions concerning the subject honored by the Baltimorean we should like to have seen settled before the stone shaft was in place, but now that the commission has been executed, it is just as well to refrain from being finicky. There's that time-honored problem as to Cain's wife, for instance, which demands solving, and the disturbing rumors of a predecessor to the legal Mrs. Adam —, in the person of Lilith, we should like to see set at rest. But especially Cain's wife. Where did he get her? Who was she?

We are not carping at the monument; in fact, we approve it, and we hope our attitude will not be misunderstood when we say that we have never entirely forgiven Adam — for blaming Eve in regard to that fruit incident. Supposing she did suggest that the product of the tree was well worth while? Was not our forefather a bit of a cad in trying to dodge the responsibility? It has always seemed to us that the woman emerged from this controversy with more eclat than the man, even though she passed the beguilement along to the serpent. At least, the Trial Judge seems to have placed implicit confidence in the woman's word, for the official reports of the trial fail to show that the serpent was interrogated on the subject. Having accepted Mrs. Adam —'s testimony, without question, the Court at once pronounced judgment on the writhing beguiler. The latter was given no opportunity to prove an alibi!

Adam — lived to a ripe old age; he was a patriarch of nine hundred and thirty years, indeed, when he passed away. Of Eve's age no specific mention is made, which we have always regarded as an evidence of true politeness on the part of the chronicler. Presumably, she was on the shady side of eight hundred, anyway, since we are informed that Adam — begat sons and daughters after he had celebrated his eight hundredth birthday anniversary. As there is no men-

tion of divorce proceedings, and, indeed, no other woman, except a daughter or a granddaughter or a few other grands preceding, it is a fair presumption that Eve was long spared to her helpmate. For this reason we cannot but deplore the invidiousness of Mr. Brady's devotion.

It was all right to honor Adam, but we insist that Eve should have had equal recognition. But for her Mr. Brady could never have thrown out his chest and squared his shoulders when the bands played "Maryland!" We respectfully suggest that a panel be added to the monument, either in relief or recessed, say, in the form of a rib, thus fitly symbolizing the origin of our First Mother. We hope Mr. Brady is broad enough minded to recognize the justice in this and that prompt action will follow.

SEEING EVIL WHERE NONE EXISTS

NOT MANY weeks ago we had occasion to comment on the action of a San Diego agitator who was so shocked at the sight of an undraped work of art, displayed in a shop window, that she endeavored to have it seized by the mayor, and the merchant subjected to a fine. Fortunately, the city executive has a keen eye for artistic beauty, and after a personal inspection of the alleged offending picture, pronounced in favor of its exhibition rather than a desire to suppress it. In San Francisco a like question has come to the front, only in this instance the nude in art was shown in an art dealer's windows, certainly an appropriate setting. But a local Dogberry has decided that such exhibitions are inimical to public morality, and in future all such must be relegated to inside galleries.

What a pity prudery should decide that evil exists in that which is merely beautiful! Quite likely this same censor would not think of interdicting the display of indecent posters and photographs on the hoardings, along public highways, cunningly devised to allure and entrap pubescent youth into doubtful theatrical shows. By no stretch of the imagination could these monstrosities be termed works of art. Yet they are ignored by the authorities while the genuinely artistic production falls under the ban.

We cannot forget the extraordinary attitude of Anthony Comstock, who, not long ago, arrested a young woman clerk at the Art Students' League in New York, for sending out an art publication that contained studies from the nude. These reproductions were intended only for artists and art students, yet in Mr. Comstock's eyes this was a crime against public morals demanding his official chastening. What a *reductio ad absurdum* was such interference in the name of morality!

DR. ELIOT'S "MODEL" LIBRARY

FORMER PRESIDENT ELIOT of Harvard gives a curious reason for omitting the Bible and Shakespeare from his list of works for a model library. He says he did so because "most people have read the Bible and Shakespeare." Fie, fie, Dr. Eliot! this is not candid in you, particularly after the admission that your list was prepared at the request of a publishing house, and as a commercial enterprise on its part. Are the Bible and Shakespeare to be ignored from a "model" library on the ground of having been read—hence no longer required—or because there was no profit to the publishing house in handling such literary staples. It is equally disingenuous to say that in a fifty-book list, a good edition of Shakespeare would take five volumes and the Bible three more, or nearly one-sixth of the whole. This is hardly sincere.

While we rejoice in the possession of a Temple edition of Shakespeare, for many years our sole reliance lay in the excellent volume published by Porter & Coates of Philadelphia, containing the full quota of works of the great bard, together with a life, notes and reference. In like manner, the Sunday School Teacher's edition of the Bible, published by the Oxford University Press, is so complete with its illustrations, history, apocrypha, indices and scripture atlas that he would be a most unreasonable student who, desiring to condense a "model" library to fifty volumes, would not be content with the Oxford edition. All things considered, Dr. Eliot's al-

leged reason for omitting these two foundation stones of a model library impress one as being decidedly artificial.

In place of the Bible he offers us Thomas a Kempis' "Imitation of Christ," excellent in its way, and in lieu of Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher's "Maid's Tragedy," Webster's "Duchess of Malfi" and Thomas Middleton's "The Change-ling." All three are fine examples of dramatic construction and passionate power, but, after all, they only approximate the works of the great master. Why accept the second best when the best is within one's grasp? Middleton was a versatile and ingenious writer, a keen observer and satirist of London life and London types of the sixteenth century, but his blank verse is at time unrhythmical and irregular, and by no means to be compared with the Shakespearean flow; he is often tedious, which never can be charged to Will Shakespeare, and he repeats the same character under different names. Altogether, Dr. Eliot gives us ten dramas, by as many different writers, or one-fifth of the full number, yet he would deny us single copies of the Bible and Shakespeare!

His "model" list also omits Chapman's Homer. He gives us Burns' "Tam o'Shanter," but not a line of Keats or of Pope; Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici," but deprives us of that other classic, Malory's "Morte D'Arthur;" Bacon's essays and Emerson's essays, but Montaigne's are excluded. We suspect that Professor Eliot's list is intended to include the books which his employing publisher is planning to supply in job lots; on no other hypothesis can we account for the queer recommendations and still more curious omissions. We have a high opinion of Dr. Eliot as an authority on educational matters in general, but as an unerring guide to the choice of the best literature he appears to have his limitations.

JUST BY WAY OF REMINDER

THERE is a disposition evinced to take drastic action against all automobile owners, because of the sins of a few reckless, irresponsible chauffeurs, whose crimes against inoffensive pedestrians have aroused a feeling akin to vengeance in the hearts of many. The sad fate that overtook a valued citizen within the week, chargeable to maniacal driving, is the incentive to the form of reprisals contemplated. We quite agree that no punishment is too severe for the average "speed maniac," but discrimination should be shown. The best way to discipline one of this tribe of dangerous pests is to deprive him of his license, and, in case of the killing or maiming of a pedestrian, as a result of his recklessness, give him a heavy jail sentence.

Over in Paris the foot passenger has no rights as compared with the motorneur. All the laws are in favor of the latter in the French capital, but in America we do not go quite so far, although the "insolence of power" often arrogates to itself, unofficially, what the law withholds. We notice, for example, a growing tendency on the part of the automobilists to press for special privileges and prior rights over the less fortunate or less aggressive guests of a hotel. On this point we find the esteemed Evening Wisconsin commenting:

When a big touring car deposits its inmates at a hotel in the country the regular guests are expected to give way to the transients, who exact the best of attention, and are reckless in their demands to an extent that at times impairs the supplies for others. In fact, the ability to sail across the country regardless of the old conditions tends to beget something like bad manners and selfishness, and here is something for those who are in the swim of the new order of things to think about. Let it not be forgotten by any thoughtless people that the right to exist still remains to others than automobile owners.

Of course, a gentleman will be such anywhere and everywhere, and the possession of an automobile is not going to eliminate his natural instincts. But it may make him forgetful, on occasions, of what is due to others, and he should guard against the disposition, that seems to go with such proprietorship, to arrogate to himself undue favors to the detriment of those equally entitled to consideration with him, even though they travel by electric car or train to a like destination. Inasmuch as the automobile is here to

stay, and is daily growing more aggressive, a few thoughts, such as we have outlined, may be reflected upon with profit by the ones whose tendencies, perhaps unrealized, need repressing.

TAFT'S AID TO THE ENEMY

HAVING completed its unprofitable labors, so far as the American consumers are concerned, the senate, by a vote of 45 to 34, has gone on record as repudiating the implied pledge of the Republican party for revision downward. To the everlasting credit of Messrs. Beveridge, Bristow, Brown, Burkett, Clapp, Crawford, Cummins, Doiliver, La Follette and Nelson, ten progressive Republicans, their votes were cast in harmony with their party's pledge, as voiced by Mr. Taft, before his election. This faithful contingent stood to its guns like the patriots they are, disregarding all attempts of Senator Aldrich to prevent them from exercising their judgment. To the leader of the high tariff bandits who sneered at his Republicanism, Senator Nelson retorted that it would take more than the Rhode Island senator to read Minnesota out of the Republican party, with which declaration all unselfish Americans will heartily concur.

This vote of the senate carries with it the adoption of President Taft's corporation tax, that plan of revenue raising now forming an integral part of the unsatisfactory tariff bill, which now goes back to the house for conference. It can be seen that the acceptance of this executive measure is a clever move on the part of the reactionaries in the senate, for it strengthens their hands and by that much weakens the opposition, which has been manfully battling for a recognition by the party of the pledges made to the people for tariff revision. President Taft's action is far from satisfactory. After a long silence, in which he has given no sign of any intention to compel observance of implied reform promises, he is suddenly found helping the standpatters. As the Springfield Republican curtly observes:

It is a fact to be carefully noted that such interference with such effect comes precisely at the moment when the Aldrich coalition had come to face defeat in excluding from the bill an individual income tax amendment. Executive interference was improper or not to be had on behalf of the insurgent Republicans fighting the battle of downward tariff revision as demanded by the presidential pledges. But it becomes proper and is to be had when the Aldrich coalition needs it for the continued defeat of the insurgent element; and even though it comes on behalf of a scheme of federal espionage and control of corporation accounts, which every one of the Aldrich coalition would otherwise fight to the death, it is being welcomed and made the most of by all of them.

There is intimation that President Taft wants the support of the Aldrich coterie to his scheme of federal control of state corporations, and to that end he is willing to sacrifice his tariff reform pledges. We are loath to believe the President would be a party to such a betrayal of the people, and yet his attitude thus far has been so perplexing that the suspicion is not unwarranted. If the rumor of such an Aldrich alliance is verified, contempt for so pusillanimous a course will be general throughout the nation, and his desertion of a just cause will submit him to thorough execration. We are reluctant to credit the disturbing reports that have emanated from Washington of late, but, alas, the manner in which the President has ignored his opportunities, in regard to the deceitful tariff, seems to justify their harboring. Instead of holding up the hands of the insurgent Republicans, by sending in a strong message, at a most inopportune time he kills the individual income tax amendment advocated by the progressive senators, by advancing his corporation tax measure, which fails to reach the colossal fortunes of those whose incomes are derived mainly from bonds.

Instead of a non-interference policy, he suddenly introduces a measure which seems really to have been inspired by Aldrich, since it is certain that Senators Cummins and Bailey had co-operated in a bill for which enough votes were pledged to insure its passage. This projected legislation, intended to lay the foundation for a more equitable distribution of the burdens of taxation, comes, as La Follette's notes, at a crucial time for Senator Aldrich's purpose. Not only has it resulted in defeating the income tax, but it has aided the head of the reactionary cabal.

in passing the tariff bill, with its excessively high duties, just as he wanted it. There will have to be a strict accounting for this action of the President at a later date. We prefer to abstain from harsh criticism until his approval of the iniquitous tariff bill is given. A positive veto is all that can save him from a storm of denunciation that is now gathering.

GRAPHITES

Whatever views one may hold concerning the principle for which the London suffragettes are persistently striving, or as to the propriety of their methods of procedure, he must be a sorry individual who will withhold admiration for the tenacity of purpose displayed by the leaders in the movement for the extension of the right of suffrage to women. Their courage, their devotion, their willingness to undergo imprisonment and suffer degradation in the eyes of the unthinking must compel the respect of all earnest men who are not prejudiced against the righteous cause for which the English suffragettes are contending. Their latest demand for audience with King Edward, after exhausting all other means of gaining recognition from his ministers, is in keeping with their unwavering will. We are curious to see what the king will do for his subjects. To refuse a hearing were hardly gallant.

Because Heney is a candidate for election to the office of district attorney, the effort to bring Calhoun to trial is denounced by counsel for the indicted street railway man as a "corrupt political move." What a sad lot of jokers San Francisco has produced of late!

BROWSINGS IN AN OLD BOOK SHOP

I CAN think of nothing more restful in this restless age than an hour or so in the company of that modest, delightful poet-naturalist, Rev. Gilbert White, better known as "White of Selborne." I have had one or two such pleasant respites from the tense grind this week in his gentle association at the Old Book Shop, where I chanced to find an excellent American reprint of an annotated English edition of 1862, which in turn was a revised edition of the interesting work published in 1822 by J. White, a relative of the author; not his accomplished brother, John, however, the vicar of Gibraltar. No such nature fakir as this country has developed of late years was the Oxford graduate, whose *Natural History* belongs quite as much to literature as it does to science. More to the former, perhaps, than to the latter, since its pages are imbued with that warmth and humanity which are seldom the concomitants of scientific treatises.

As everyone knows, this charming history is embodied chiefly in a series of descriptive letters which the author wrote to his friend and fellow naturalist, Thomas Pennant, of British Zoology fame, together with other correspondence with Daines Barrington, both noted naturalists of the eighteenth century. For quiet, unassuming, first-hand knowledge their like is seldom met. The letters teem with interesting data, gathered with loving patience by the English clergyman, who, though his field of research was limited to his own parish of Selborne, gave to the world so circumstantial a history of the natural phenomena of his environment that the incurious might well be amazed at the accuracy of his information and the minuteness of his observations. But when one reads, in letter XCI, to Mr. Barrington, this bit of casual mention all wonder ceases. Writes this unaffected student in the opening paragraph of his letter:

It is now more than forty years that I have paid some attention to the ornithology of this district, without being able to exhaust the subject: new occurrences still arise as long as any inquiries are kept open.

At this period of his life Mr. White was sixty years old. The letter is dated Selborne, April 21, 1780, and the naturalist was born in that same parish in 1720. The earlier letters, nine of them, to Thomas Pennant, are undated, but the tenth bears date of August 4, 1767. From that time on, for two decades, the correspondence was maintained at regular intervals, until June 25, 1787, when letter CIX was sent to Mr. Barrington, which closes the series. Their delightful author died in 1793, having been curate of Faringdon and of Selborne church upward of forty years. As one of his commentators has noted:

Each chapter (or letter) is a ramble in rural England. It is a home-like work, because it tells of things that keen eyes might see from the cottage window, or, perhaps, no farther than the garden dial, or the graves in the ancient church-yard. White noticed many curious things of birds and

field-mice, of bats and frogs and insects, on his strolls through the village lanes. His humble neighbors must have caught some of his enthusiasm for natural knowledge; for mention is often made of their bringing to him curious scraps of information, the results of their observations in his behalf.

In one of his letters to Mr. Barrington, he tells us how these facts were collected. "If there is any merit in these sketches," he says, "it must be in their exactness. For many months I carried a list in my pocket of the birds that were to be remarked on, and as I rode or walked about, I noted each day the continuance or omission of each bird's song, so that I am as certain of my facts as a man can be of any transaction whatever." "In this manner," says one of his biographers, "a valuable record of natural incidents was collected, and the faithfulness of the observations is proved by the severe ordeal to which the numerous observing naturalists of the last half century subjected them; in the course of which most of the author's observations have been confirmed."

But, as has been well said, great as the interest of the letters themselves may be, and important as are the observations, these are not the only merits of the author. To him belongs the honor of having roused the intellect of his countrymen to note and record natural phenomena coming under their notice. His honorable, if humble, career suggested a new path of research which was within the reach of thousands; and it has been suggested that to his example the world probably owes the works of many brilliant nature students who have come after.

I had not re-read White's *Selborne* in twenty years until this week. He mentions, among other interesting observations, the decrease of the red deer, which toward the beginning of the eighteenth century numbered fully five hundred head in the adjacent Selborne forests, and Selborne, it will be recalled, was only fifty miles southwest of London in the extreme eastern corner of Hampshire. But the depredations of the "Waltham Blacks," i.e., political refugees, professional robbers, and the offscouring of society generally, who, taking to the forest, slaughtered the deer, robbed the warrens, cut down trees, set fire to houses, held up travelers and blackmailed the landed gentry, resulted in the passage of the Black Act, rendering all such procedures felony, without benefit of clergy. This hanged many a knave and not a few poor devil poachers, but came too late to save the red deer.

In one of his letters to Thomas Pennant we find the author deploring the fact that it has been his misfortune never to have had any neighbor whose studies had led him toward the pursuit of natural knowledge; "so that," continues this amiable writer, "for want of a companion to quicken my industry and sharpen my attention, I have made but slender progress in a kind of information to which I have been attracted from my childhood." His letters abound in curious anecdotes having direct bearing on his line of research work. He tells, in a later letter to Pennant, of a tame bat he had which would take flies out of his hand. He says:

If you gave it anything to eat, it brought its wings round before the mouth, hovering and hiding its head in the manner of birds of prey when they feed. The adroitness it showed in shearing off the wings of flies, which were always rejected, was worthy of observation, and pleased me much. Insects seemed to be most acceptable, though it did not refuse raw flesh when offered: so that the notion, that bats go down 'chimnies' and gnaw men's bacon, seems no improbable story.

How naively simple this narration! Yet how much enjoyment the student must have gained in watching the antics of the little captive bat! His letters are full of similar interesting anecdotal data. That Gilbert White was a prose poet is easily seen, but he was that and more. I wish I had room here to reproduce in full his exquisite poem, sent to Mr. Pennant and written May 29, 1769, entitled "The Naturalist's Summer Evening Walk," beginning:

When day declining sheds a milder gleam,
What time the May-fly haunts the pool or stream;
When the still owl skims round the glassy mead,
What time the timorous hare limps forth to feed;
Then is the hour to steal adown the vale,
And listen to the vagrant cuckoo's tale.

Each rural sight, each sound, each smell combine,
The tinkling sheep-bell, or the breath of kine;
The new-mown hay that scents the swelling breeze,
Or cottage chimney smoking through the trees.
The chilling nightdews fall; away, retire,
For see the glowworm lights her amorous fire!
Thus, ere night's veil had half obscured the sky,

Th' impatient damsel hung her lamp on high:
True to the signal, by love's meteor led,
Leander hastened to his Hero's bed.

Nothing seems to have escaped his observant eyes in connection with the natural history of his native parish. Writing to Mr. Pennant on the subject of reptiles, he notes the faculty that snakes have of defending themselves by emitting a nauseous effluvia. He instances a gentleman who kept a tame snake, "which was in its person as sweet as any animal while in good humor and unalarmed; but as soon as a stranger, or a dog or cat, came in, it fell to hissing" and filled the room with such a noxious odor as rendered it hardly supportable. "Thus the 'skunk,'" he adds, "is an innocuous and sweet animal; but, when pressed hard by dogs and men, it can eject such a pestilent and fetid smell, than which nothing can be more horrible."

To Daines Barrington, the eminent naturalist, he writes, in April, 1770: "When we meet, I shall be glad to have some conversation with you concerning the proposal you make of my drawing up an account of the animals of this neighborhood. Your partiality toward my small abilities persuades you, I fear, that I am able to do more than is in my power; for it is no small undertaking for a man, unsupported and alone, to begin a natural history from his own autopsy!" Could anything be more self-deprecatory than this modest statement? Writing to Thomas Pennant, a month later, he adverts to a propensity belonging to common house cats, which he considers very remarkable, to wit, their violent fondness for fish, which appears to be their most favorite food. "And yet," he comments, "nature in this instance seems to have planted in them an appetite that, unassisted, they know not how to gratify. For of all quadrupeds, cats are the least disposed toward water, and will not, when they can avoid it, deign to wet a foot, much less to plunge into that element."

As evidencing the prolificness of Selborne as a rich field for study, Mr. White tells Mr. Pennant, in a letter dated September 2, 1774, that his parish alone can and has exhibited at times more than half the birds that are ever seen in all Sweden. Selborne has produced, he says, more than one hundred and twenty species, Sweden only two hundred and twenty-one. His home parish, too, he notes, has shown "near half the species that ever were known in Great Britain." The delight of animals, no matter how incongruous, for mutual fellowship, is touched upon in a letter to Mr. Barrington, this observation being enforced with many curious stories in proof of the wonderful spirit of sociability in the brute creation.

Worms, as an aid to the agriculturist in the enriching of lands, are descanted upon in a later letter to Mr. Barrington. "Earth worms," he notes, though in appearance a small and despicable link in the chain of nature, yet, if lost, would make a lamentable chasm. . . . They are great promoters of vegetation, which would proceed but lamely without them; by boring, perforating and loosening the soil, and rendering it pervious to rains and the fibers of plants; by drawing straws and stalks of leaves and twigs into it; and, most of all, by throwing up such infinite numbers of lumps of earth, called worm casts, make fine manure for grain and grass. Worms probably provide new soil for hills and slopes, where the rain washes the earth away. . . . The earth without worms would soon become cold, hard-bound and void of fermentation, and consequently sterile." After reading this let no one despise the abject crawling reptile.

I am loath to stop quoting from so fascinating a writer, but space forbids. It was a curious coincidence that I should happen upon, at this time, a small folio published by Benjamin and John White of London, in 1793, of the literary life of the late Thomas Pennant, written by himself. The frontispiece, a portrait of the author of *British Zoology*, is drawn by no less an accomplished artist than Thomas Gainsborough, and the engraving is done by W. Ridley, two famous artists in their respective branches. But, curiously enough, although Gilbert White wrote several scores of letters to Mr. Pennant, and received perhaps an equal number in response, nowhere in the pages of his literary life does Thomas Pennant so much as mention Gilbert White's name. Yet he was under great obligations to the Selborne naturalist, as his own letters to Mr. White prove. It is incomprehensible that to one whom he owed so many suggestions in the compiling of his genera of birds, not a word of acknowledgement should be uttered. I am curious to know why?

S. T. C.

VIEW OF "THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR"

Analysis of the Clever Comedy in Which J. E. Dodson Appears in the Leading Role

J. HARTLEY MANNERS, whose name has appeared on more than one program in the season just passed, has taken from the German the clever comedy which, for a number of weeks, has been running at the Gaiety Theater. "The House Next Door" begins as a really serious statement of the race war between Jew and Gentile, but it finally amounts to not much more than the expulsion of the violent prejudice of one man against Jews in general, and against one Jew in particular. This man is not typical, for he is one of a fast-disappearing class of aristocracy, to whom the only reality is the pride of a name, and he resents with embittered violence the encroachments of modern practicality. The assumption on the part of the author may be that prejudice against Jews is always individual, but if so, he does not make the point clear, and the play descends from its suggested plane of universality. Yet the genuine, sparkling wit of the play, and the excellent acting of J. E. Dodson in the leading role, are giving the piece a well-merited run, and sending away amused, hence satisfied, audiences.

The first act shows forth the problem, or rather the problems, for there are two. A recently-knighted Jew, Sir Isaac Jacobson, whose father was a poor tenant on the estate of Sir John Cotswold's father, has come to own the estate. Sir John is now his tenant and even in his debt for the rent, though, generously, Sir Isaac does not bring this to Sir John's attention. The difference in the ideals and the training of these two men throws them into inevitable conflict. Another conflict comes with their children, for the younger generation will not abide by the metes and bounds of the older. The Cotswold son and daughter will not hold to their father's hatred for the house next door. The son and daughter of that house have no sympathy with their father's ardent belief that the keeping of their race unmixed is a sacred thing. So Cecil, the son of Sir John, loves Esther, the daughter of Sir Isaac, and Adrian Jacobson loves Ulrica Cotswold. The play concerns itself with the overcoming of the violent prejudices of an old man with a detestable temper, and the battling down of the ideals of the older generation by the younger. Sir Isaac gives up his race love far more readily than Sir John his race hate, but even that succumbs, and the audience forgets that the problem has really never been solved, because it has been so thoroughly amused by the old man who speaks of England as a "small country entirely surrounded by Jews."

The character of Sir John would fill any actor with delight. It bears the same relation to the other characters that a glass of highly-charged fizz-water would bear to cambric tea. He begins by hurling out of the breakfast room all the flowers which have been sent to his son, who, the night before, has made a successful debut in grand opera. Sir John has not seen the performance. He regards it as a disgrace, and is only sorry that his son has not failed in what he calls a "montebank" performance. And more than the success, he hates the money that comes from it, though that money pays the six months' rent due to Sir Isaac. The penniless, arrogant old dreamer makes the assertion that if the deficit had been called to his attention before, he would have seen to it himself immediately. He is quite satisfied to make such statements, so long as he is not contradicted, even though he is aware that his family knows the facts. At breakfast he viciously decapitates his egg, sniffs it, and, with a far-outstretched arm, hands it to the butler with the order, "Vining, take this egg away and destr-roy it." Then he turns on his wife with the cutting remark that if his eggs can't be fresh he wishes that they might at least be of recent birth! After he has snapped, snarled and bitten the family into ponderous silence, he is heard demanding that somebody say something, creating the impression that all are in a conspiracy to make him appear in the wrong.

Lady Jacobson, who is of the flaring, aggressive type, the absolute opposite of her quiet, gentle husband, mails Cecil a check for a hundred pounds and an invitation to sing at her next reception. This brings matters to a crisis, and sends Sir John to Sir Isaac's house, personally, to resent the "insult." By this time Jews have become a "haunt" of Sir John. He cannot pick up a piece of music without finding it the product of Ruben—or other—Stein. If he tries to divert

himself by reading, fate puts "The Children of the Ghetto" into his hand. If he would soothe himself with a smoke, there is a -stein or a -baum on the box, and as a final blow, he finds that all these years he has had the portrait of the Jew, Disraeli, on his wall.

This character is splendidly portrayed so far as Mr. Dodson carries his conception, but that admirable actor loses altogether what might make his playing a veritable triumph. He suggests to perfection the absurdity of the violent, irascible old man who tries to make pretensions pass current as facts. But he misses altogether the sadness, the utter pathos of the old man whose dwelling of dreams and pride and family legend is torn down by the ruthless hand of the practical younger generation, and who finds out that the pride of his name cannot offset debts, and is worthless as security. His frequent phrase, "It is bitter, bitter," should bring tears as well as laughter, for it is bitter, this disregard of progress. If he should bring out that element in the character, when the end comes, and the old man, succumbing, follows his family to the house next door, his audience would be in tears, and Mr. Dodson would achieve a double triumph.

But so far as his conception goes, his work is excellent. His hands and his back are especially expressive. He is worthy of a better support. With the exception of Ruth Chester as Lady Cotswold, Herbert Standing as Walter Lewis, the musical agent, and Frank Losee as Sir Isaac Jacobson, the other actors are like the curate's egg, good in spots. Mr. Kelley, as Cecil, would have been more satisfactory, for he did really good work, had his make-up been better, but he suggested neither a son of aristocracy nor a singer. However, a thoroughly amused audience is not critical, and no audience can help being amused at "The House Next Door."

New York, June 28.

ANNE PAGE.

FROM THE "CITY OF PEACE"

OF ALL the communities in this broad land, save only perhaps in Virginia and other exclusive states of the south, "the best people" are most conservative. Of course, in our big cities, where for the most part Mammon has usurped the shrine of God in the hearts of the people, a man's bank account or a woman's ostentation often is open sesame to what is called "society" and provides the scarlet signal for the attentions of the irrepressible reporter. In Santa Barbara, however, a man, just because he is a millionaire—or otherwise notorious and frequently objectionable—attracts small notice. The happy peasants are truly sorry for him because they are wise enough to realize that the more money a man accumulates, the more miserable he is likely to be. And, too, they remember the solemn warning of a gentle person—whose teaching long ago has been discarded as not down-to-date—when he warned his disciples that it profited a man nothing to be even a Harriman if he run the risk of losing his health—physical, mental or spiritual. On the other hand, the best people in Santa Barbara take the stranger within their gates for what he is worth—not in dollars and cents—but in breeding, manners, cultivation, taste and ability.

It has long been a source of admiration to the observant foreigner, while visiting America, to discover that the question asked concerning an unknown man in any western community is not "Who is he?" as is usual in the older countries, where a man's pedigree is carefully examined before he is accepted in polite society, but "What does he do?" Unhappily, within the last decade and a half, in this great country of ours, the question on too many sides has degenerated into "How much has he made?" or "How much has he?" In these days a man makes or loses a fortune between 10 o'clock in the morning and 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Few men are content with the modest and normal interest on their investments, and fewer are disposed to live on their salaries or upon the fruit of their actual earning power. It was Bernard Shaw, I think, who calculated that no man on earth can earn, legitimately, from the exercise either of his mind or muscle or both, more than some \$3,000 a year; that is to say, if effort and accomplishment were strictly and honestly remunerated. After such an income is attained, a man's value to his employer or to a corporation or to himself is simply a question of competitive demand for his services or output, and that demand is based largely upon the speculative principle. Of course, there is many a man in receipt of a salary of \$50,000 a year who does not actually earn \$5,000

for his employer, while the reverse is frequently true of the men who are worth to their employers ten times what they receive.

Money, however, is not omnipotent in Santa Barbara. It is not the single standard. The Barbarenos are more for a man's value than for his price. Indeed, money, while a certain amount of it is necessary, even vital, is only a secondary consideration. If a man paints, or sings, or builds, or writes, he is considered worth meeting, and, at least, will be tried out as a possible addition in interesting and adorning a society which is really what the word means. Barbarenos "have food and raiment and are content." They seem especially mindful of St. Paul's subsequent warning, "They that will be rich fall into temptation and snares, and many foolish and hurtful lusts drown men in distrust and perdition."

Debonair Charles Seyler, Jr., and the pensive Dr. John C. Ferbert were among the incorrigible bachelors of the California Club who passed a quiet "Fourth" in this Place of Peace. Incidentally, Mr. Seyler did not lose his motor car en route, but tells me his running time was six hours between the Plaza, Los Angeles, and the old Mission here. Going some, even for the sedate Charles! These handsome and strenuous youths provided a rare treat for the languorous women who lounged on the charming verandas of the Potter Country Club last Saturday afternoon. I grieve to say that neither the doctor nor the insurance man has yet been converted to golf; but they are still quite young. Vous ne savez pas le golf: quelle triste vieillesse vous vous preparez!

R. H. C.

Santa Barbara, July 8.

To a Teacher of Divine Truths

(MRS. ROSALIND GREENE PEASLEY)

I sing to you, thou teacher of the highest,
Whose teaching blends religion, philosophy, and
kingly science;
Whose words are simple, like the words of Masters,
But subtle and pregnant. The spirit instantly
Recognizes their truth. These are the words we
have waited for.
These are the words that bring joy in the hearing,
Peace in the knowing, power in the doing.

You have opened heaven in my soul.
In the still dawn I know it.
Knowing it, I have freshness and courage.

Through you I have found my center.
In the throb of life I know it.
Fixed in it I am poised and strong.

To you I bring some dim palimpsest,—
Some faint diminuendo of the symphony of joy;
Some slight material wafer from the sacrament of love—

For our souls have been together,—
Mine with burning, pure devotion,
Exquisite rapture of the soul;
Yours with brooding mother-love,
Strong with guiding father-wisdom, fecund faith.

I sing to you, thou glorious soul radiant with truth;
With divine truth to free the struggling god.
To teach the spiritual nature how to breathe
Its rare, free native atmosphere.
Till we know that we are love-begotten, spirit-born,
Destined to be gods; till all our godlike visions,
Lotus thoughts, divine imaginings,
Become our certainties in faith, and fire our wills.
Until we know the ecstasy of universal love;
Peace, deep and serene,—Nirvanic peace,
The bliss and power of gods;
Creative will, fostering love, positive strength,—
This, the rich fruitage and richer promise
Of the teaching of your soul to mine.

—KATHLEEN STACKHOUSE.

Fairyland

When we two wandered hand in hand,
The rosy mists of dawn lay wet,
Upon the smiling southern land
Where grows the Spanish bayonet.
Of filmy lacework, jewel-set,
The mists had spun a gauzy band,
And swung it where the branches met,
Athwart the way to Fairyland.

Ah, Sweet! how could we understand
That path was not for mortal feet?
There was no mourner in the land
To warn us from the magic street.
Where waves of yellow violets beat,
We stood upon the fern-fringed strand,
The while the birds sang, piping sweet
The matin songs of Fairyland.

We crossed the bridge. (For none withstand
Who once that phantom music hear).
Then creeping death stole o'er the land—
It was the waning of the year.
Mid falling leaves, all parched and sere,
In mute farewell I held your hand.
We spoke no word, we shed no tear,
But looked our last on Fairyland.

—L. C.

SIDELIGHTS ON DR. RICHARD GARNETT

Late Scholarly and Popular Librarian of British Museum Sympathetically Recalled

AS A CONSTANT visitor to the British Museum, whither I go in search of facts and dates of use in my work, naturally, I long ago made the acquaintance of the late Dr. Richard Garnett, who was the kind friend of every earnest seeker in the great storehouse of literature, of which he was the bright and shining star. Born in Lichfield in 1835, where his father was a prebendary of the Cathedral, he went to the British Museum at the age of sixteen and there remained until his death, which is yet so recent that the wound is still fresh that his passing away caused. His first employment was as assistant in the printed book department, and his great friend at this period of his life was Coventry Patmore, from whose poems he has edited a volume of selections. His ability found slow recognition, and it was not till 1875 that he was made superintendent of the reading room, a position he held till 1884. During these years he won the affection of all classes of readers, from the eminent author visiting the Museum at long intervals in search of material, to the broken-down copyist whose very subsistence often depended on his kindness. Whatever work came in his way was impartially divided. The poorest reader could rely on courteous hearing and of patient help.

Dr. Garnett's personality was to a great extent merged in the Museum. Only once, when a vacancy occurred in the Bodleian, was there any likelihood of his leaving it. From 1884 to 1890 his chief work was the printing of the library catalogue. In the latter year he became keeper of the printed books. He was by far the most popular official at the Museum. His personal appearance might be best described by the German adjective, "rustig." He stooped a little, and in later years became very grey, but no one, who looked at his ruddy, weather-beaten face, would have supposed that he had passed his life in study. Country visitors hardly liked leaving the Museum without a sight of Dr. Garnett. And for students, it was a pleasure to look up from work and watch him poring over the catalogue with a reader, explaining difficulties, hunting out references, and evidently enjoying the blessing of the giver. His work at the Museum has been valuable in many directions. Its visible and tangible results are seen in the catalogue and in his editions of authors. But whole generations of readers can bear witness to results of a higher and intangible kind, to the patience with which he placed his unrivaled learning at their disposal, making himself, as has been said, "servus servorum, the slave of the slaves of literature."

Dr. Garnett was only twenty-three when he published his first work, an anonymous volume entitled "Primula and Other Lyrics." In the following year he published "Io in Egypt and Other Poems." The volume is now out of print, but some of the finest poems, such as "The Ballad of the Boat," "Fading Leaf and Fallen Leaf" and "The Pope's Daughter" are well known and included in anthologies. The following rather singular criticisms, over which one can fancy Dr. Garnett smiled, appeared in the Athenaeum: "Mr. Richard Garnett's 'Io in Egypt' is a volume full of quaint, luxurious, colored fancy, with much scholarly intermixture and laborious painting of pictures in rich and bloomy words, such as the English language supplies more abundantly than any other." Dr. Garnett's other volumes of verse are "Poems From the German," "Idylls and Epigrams" and "Iphigenia in Delphi." But the blossom of his genius is in "Io."

In translations Dr. Garnett was very happy. He attempted some of the most difficult German lyrics, and his renderings of Uhland, Platen and Heine are both correct and musical. With Goethe he is not always so successful. The "Song of the Archangels" in "Faust" and the magnificent passage beginning "Oglücklich, wer noch hoffen kann," are really untranslatable, as Dr. Garnett would be the first to admit. Much of his own poetry has a distinctly German ring. In prose, Dr. Garnett wrote two admirable short biographies, the lives of Carlyle and Emerson, in the Great Writers Series. In the former there are some curious autobiographical touches, which will interest the reader hardly less than the actual subject. The latter is perhaps the best summary biography ever written. The Examiner (of Mr. Minto) contained, and the Illustrated London News (of Mr. Shorter) includes critical articles signed "R. G.," and these are well worth the trouble of looking for. But the student who wishes to know the real Dr. Garnett should be-

gin with "The Twilight of the Gods," published in 1888. The book is a collection of short stories dealing chiefly with late Pagan and early Christian ages. The deepest problems of religion and philosophy are touched with delicate satire, with humor that has sadness in the heart of it. You wonder, at times, what it all means, but if you had turned to the author for an explanation, he would have answered, with an enigmatic smile, "It is a problem of laughter and tears; but you will not be able to solve it." Every page of the book bears traces of deep learning and exceeding culture. It is the satire of the student, and it pleases more in such graceful pieces as "The City of Philosophers" and "The Poet of Panopolis" than in the rough Rabelaisian humor of "The Demon Pope."

Much has been written about Dr. Garnett's "attitude of mental superiority to accepted beliefs." Had he been a mediaeval abbot, one can fancy his mingling joyously in the Feast of Unreason, well pleased that the people did not take the threats or promises of the church too seriously. He sees the weaknesses of professors alike of old religions and new. He pities the Elenkos who are tenderly nursing "ancient creeds, whose main virtue is the virtue of their professors." His Nonnus has a hold both on Christianity and Paganism; his bishops, cardinals and popes are wonderfully human. He bursts in upon the pious hermit of the desert, telling him slyly that he owes his canonization to the many days he has passed in the society of the devil. Even his saints in Paradise are jealous of each other and of their own reputations in the world. He smiles at the forlornness of the gods, "disinherited of thunder," and sees, not altogether with regret, the goat cropping the grass on Ida.

Dr. Garnett went through the City of Believers, and found it a Vanity Fair. There were rich wares for sale at the booths, and he handled and appraised them all. He watched the faces of the buyers, and wondered to find them so eager. If only they knew it, there is great disappointment in buying. He saw one moaning over a rich garment, because the color faded in the morning sunlight, and another paying dearly for jewels which one day he would find were only brilliant glass. He met young strangers and warned them not to spend their money too freely. And as they passed on, he looked after them wistfully, for the crust of cynicism is there, and he himself had been tempted to buy. As he went down the long street with the cries of the vendors in his ears, he was not so scornful as you might have fancied. That there are cheats and rogues in the city, he knew too well; but perhaps in an obscure place, even in Vanity Fair, there may be treasures that a man might well sell all to purchase. He was not sure; he wished it might be so. And, meanwhile, it was some service to unmask the cheats.

The biographer of the late Dr. Garnett will have much to say about his learning, and much about the grace with which he wore it. A pedant could not have given us glimpses into so many worlds. They are twilight worlds, indeed, and in each is the dim figure of the Sphinx, with her unanswered riddle. But there are hills and rivers, too, and the night wind rushes through the pines, and overhead the moon and stars have risen.

London, June 25. EDWIN A. COOKE.

Our Proud Boast

(Los Angeles county leads the state in the number of births and deaths reported for the month.—Local news item.)

We're ahead with the corpse and the creeper,
We lead with the cradle and hearse;
We have distanced the stork and the reaper,
We win with both sexton and nurse.

More victims succumb in life's battles,
More doctors are called out at night;
We spend more for crepe and for rattles—
We lead in the bloom and the blight.

Our lists are the greatest in number
Of those who're at rest from their sins;
Our coffins exhaust all our lumber—
We've a corner on safety pins.

To a future, fair or caloric,
Our daily consignment is first;
For embalmers and eke paregoric
Our bills are the best and the worst.

We rank all in tears and in laughter,
We are leaders in hope and in dread;
We're long on both here and hereafter,
We've a boom in the quick and the dead.

The loudest and lustiest chorus
Of weeping and laughter ascends.
And, after us—also before us—
The doctors get in at both ends.

—WILLOUGHBY RODMAN.

MEANDERINGS OF THEOPHILUS

AFTER a man gets to be on the shady side of fifty, his mind reverts more often than before to the scenes and times and experiences of earlier years. I was thinking the other day of the first "play-actors" I ever saw. There is a precedent for such reminiscence in the later writing of William Winter, dean of dramatic critics. But having thus compared like a rocket, I will come down like a stick; for this shall be a very barnstorming of reminiscence; of observations from afar, with never a hobnobbing with the truly great of Playland. And as I look back upon the by-gones of yesterday, it seems that their pleasures were greater than those of direct contiguity and communication. But there! The words are getting too long.

I think the first actor I ever saw was the late Sol Smith Russell. He was doing individual character sketches with the Berger family of Swiss bell ringers, which used to show at the Town Hall about once a year. I can see him now, as he came on the stage, in shabby garb and preternaturally solemn expression, to sing his one best "Shabby Genteel."

Too proud to beg, too honest to steal,
I know what it is to be wanting a meal;
My tatters and rags I try to conceal,
I'm one of the shabby genteel.

There was another vocal gem that Russell used to get off—I cannot bring myself to say twice that he really sang—entitled, "Stuffed With Sage and Linyouns." It was not the words nor the vocalization that fixed this song in the memory, but rather the hunger-sharpened gleam that shone in his eyes as he dilated on the merits of the goose that was prepared for the table in the manner indicated. I saw Russell in later years in the simple plays that brought him fame and fortune; but I shall remember him best from the simpler sketches shown in a town hall of rural Vermont.

Sol Smith Russell was not a star in those days, but Phosa McAllister—yes, our own Phosa, who even now is equal to a nimble jig in suffragette pantalets—was, having "her own company." I hasten to add that she was very young at that time. I do not remember the plays in which she appeared, but we were always glad to see her, and the town hall frequently "rang with applause," when she was before the footlights.

Then there were Grace Hawthorne—it was Grace something else then, and her husband, John Murray. She gained greater fame in later years, but as nearly as I can remember, she left Murray in the discard. Their company was the best that came barnstorming in our particular section of the rural deestricks.

It wasn't really good form to go to the theater in those days, in fact it was a little wicked. Even the companies that came up from Boston to give "Pinafore" made concessions to churchly opinion by calling themselves "Church Choir Companies."

When we wished to be really aristocratic in our theater going, we went to Boston for a few days and heard the "Boston Ideals" with Barnabee, MacDonald, Marie Stone, Tom Karl, Zelle de Lussan, Frothingham, Josephine Bartlett, Agnes Huntington, and other old favorites in the casts.

Yes, I saw William Warren tread the boards in the old Boston Museum. The play, as I remember it, was "A Scrap of Paper."

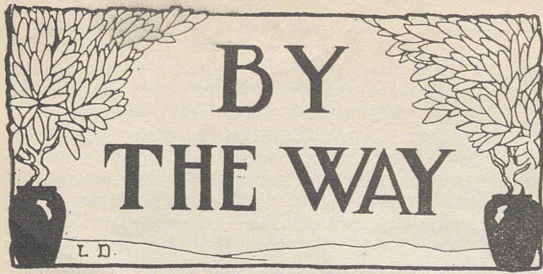
Then there was Remenyi, the violinist. He played in the Academy auditorium, next door to the Old South church. And right in the midst of his best "piece"—yes, "piece," that was the proper term, the town clock in the church solemnly tolled off the hour of nine. Remenyi stopped with it, and I thought he was going into the antithesis of a Hungarian rhapsody, when the humor of it struck him, and the famous Remenyi smile appeared.

Oh, yes; before I forget it, there was Gilmore's Band. Never heard Gilmore's band play the "Anvil Chorus" with real anvils, did you? Well, you missed a whole lot.

It's about time to stop. THEOPHILUS.

Bryan Booked for Next Winter

W. J. Bryan is under contract to deliver an address in Los Angeles next winter. His local appearance will be under lyceum auspices, and out of the proceeds of his lecture the late Democratic presidential candidate will receive \$250 for his platform oratory here. He probably will be a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Cole, unless a certain element in the Democratic organization insists upon "knocking" the Democratic national committeeman from California with the big head of the party organization.



It is Lieut. George S. Patton Now

My compliments to Mr. and Mrs. George S. Patton on the appointment of their son, George, to the Fifteenth cavalry at Fort Sheridan, following his graduation at West Point. I can assure his proud parents that the young lieutenant will enjoy the beautiful environment of Fort Sheridan, which is considered one of the crack military posts of the country. It is about twenty-five miles north of Chicago, overlooking Lake Michigan, and the army quarters are in every way modern and even elegant. The best of society from Evanston, Lake Forest and contiguous high-class suburbs is on visiting terms at the garrison, and the young lieutenants, especially, have the pick of the prettiest girls in that region at the military assembly dances. They don't save a cent of their stipends, but I never heard of that troubling them.

Lowman's Good Heart

In the tragic death of the late J. H. Lowman, a victim of overfast automobiling, Los Angeles lost a good citizen, whose heart was in the right place. A friend recalls the fact that more than twenty years ago Mr. Lowman owned a small haberdashery shop almost directly opposite his latest commodious store. He had then only recently come here from Kansas, seeking his fortune. He found it by assiduous attention to business in the two decades following, and was heard to remark the day before he was hurled to his death that he had sufficient of this world's goods so that he could give to any unfortunate he might meet at any time a quarter of a dollar without it hurting him. Nor had he waited for that satisfactory day to arrive to show kindnesses to human derelicts, my friend added.

Senator Flint Looking This Way

Senator Frank P. Flint and Congressman James McLachlan are expected home before the end of the month. The former has advised friends in Los Angeles that the present special session of congress will adjourn before August 1, when he will hasten to Los Angeles as fast as a limited train will convey him. Congressman McLachlan may make a trip of inspection with the house committee on rivers and harbors this summer, but if he so decides it will not be until after he has interviewed his constituency.

Ideal Mountain Camp

There may be more attractive mountain retreats in Southern California than the one I visited over the Fourth on the Little Tejuja, at the northerly end of the San Fernando valley, but I venture to say none is more easily accessible from the city limits than "El Eden de Torrivio," thirty-one miles from the court house, almost due east from Pacoima and in the heart of the forest reserve. I think to that assiduous deer hunter, Ed Silent, belongs the honor of its discovery. For years the mountain ranch had been the abode of old Torrivio Moreno, a retainer in the early days of Governor Andres Pico and a playmate of his son Romulo Pico. The latter also is a noted deer hunter and on one of his hunting trips Ed Silent and his friend Pico camped on Moreno's place. The old fellow was not well and was anxious to get title to his ranch on which he had lived for a quarter of a century. When Mr. Silent finally succeeded in getting this for Moreno the latter was ailing and he begged his friend Pico to help take care of him. Finally, Mr. Silent agreed to provide for Torrivio for the remainder of his natural life, and in return the rancher deeded to his benefactor a half interest in the place to revert to him at his death. To Romulo Pico the other half was allotted on similar terms. A year or so later the old man passed away and an undivided half of this one hundred and sixty acres of mountain glen property passed to each of the two named.

Lucky Quartet of Owners

For the purpose of improving the place, Mr. Silent sold a quarter interest to his brother-in-law, Frank Thomas, and Pico, in like manner disposed of another quarter to Dr. John R. Haynes, and the three well-known Los Angelans at once began to build and beautify the charming resort.

A year later Pico disposed of his remaining quarter to Allan C. Balch, so that the four friends, with their families, now constitute the sole ownership. Roads have been made, delightful summer cottages built, stone altars erected out-of-doors, in front of which campfires burn at night, and in many other ways the quartet has improved its holdings. In this fascinating work the ingenious mind of Frank Thomas has had full sway, and the results are highly interesting. The group of cottages built on the banks of the ravine, at the bottom of which the Little Tejuja river rolls merrily on to the sea, are interconnected by rustic bridges that are both picturesque and serviceable. The broiler, too, on a stone foundation in the open-air kitchen is a tribute to the brilliant lawyer's skill. The garden is the pet of Ed Silent, who has the gift, only given to a few, of making everything grow that he sets out or raises from seed. Then, too, there is a young orchard with apples, peaches, plums and apricots, while an old grape vine in rich bearing forms a canopy alongside the winter house, a roomy affair with a big fireplace and cement floors, built on a rock-lined foundation.

In the Swimming Pool

One of the chief delights of El Torrivio is its swimming pool, a cement-lined, rock-walled tank deep enough for diving purposes, long enough for a genuine swim. It is so concealed that bathing suits are regarded as superfluous, special hours being allotted to the bathers of both sexes. As an evidence of the pool's popularity, I can only say that Mr. and Mrs. Sumner Hunt, on their three days' sojourn from Friday evening to Monday, each had a record of nine immersions; nor was I any less avid for this attractive resort. The water is constantly replenished by the inflow, lapping over at the back down into the creek below and forming a miniature waterfall. Behind a monstrous rock of many tons weight one may enjoy a brisk rubbing in absolute privacy.

El Eden de Torrivio

Mrs. Allen C. Balch has been appointed historian and literary advisor of the camp. Not all the cottages are given Spanish titles, but a good start has been made. At the entrance, in the canyon, directly over the creek, which forms the boundary line, is an arched gate on which is traced in rustic scrollwork:

* EL EDEN DE TORRIVIO *
* BIENVENIDA *

and a warm welcome certainly awaits the guest who is lucky enough to be bidden inside this portal. The Balch guest cottage is appropriately christened:

* EL TEMPLO DE LOS ANIGOS *

Crossing the rustic bridge one comes to the commodious Balch bungalow "El Ensueno," and surely it is a dream of a place. On a large porch are lazy chairs, rockers and couches, with lots of pillows, late literature, cards, books and other means of divertisement. Forty or fifty feet eastward is the cottage of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thomas, and still higher up, that of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Silent. To the right is Dr. and Mrs. John R. Haynes' comfortable bungalow, with guest houses interspersed on either bank. The dining room is in the open, a hundred yards beyond, well protected from a too insistent sun. A few feet away is the out-of-door reception circle, with massive alders fringing the cleared space. Here in front of the stone altar one can read or dream the cool hours away in perfect bliss, or drop off to sleep in a hammock, lulled by the singing stream just below. At night, before the camp fire, the picture is redoubled in value, particularly if the moon is full, as it was when I was there.

Accessible Sylvan Retreats

Think of it! In the heart of the Sierra Madres, practically, and only thirty miles from the metropolis! Already the automobiles cover the distance in an hour and a half; when the good roads are completed it will be no trick at all to get to camp from the court house in an hour. The value of such a resort, considering its accessibility, cannot fail to enhance greatly with Los Angeles' growth. There are not many such nooks where absolute privacy is insured, and in securing this delightful retreat my friends have done well. Beyond them stretches the forest reserve, to which they hold the key, their land being patented. I tramped over to Jo Cook's place, one morning, formerly owned by Carlos Moreno, a brother of Torrivio, and found it a similar natural paradise, only without the improvements

made by El Torrivio's owners. Gold creek, a branch of the Little Tejuja, is in a rugged little ravine, which for picturesque scenery cannot well be surpassed in Southern California. At one point we clambered down alongside a waterfall of twelve or fourteen feet; ferns innumerable line the banks and alders, live oaks and poplars grow in profusion on the mesas. It is a glorious spot which, with the expenditure of a few thousand dollars, can be turned into a charming estate. How reluctantly I left this sylvan abode and its twin, El Torrivio, to get back to prosaic duties!

Carried Her Photograph a Year

Allan C. Balch, general manager of the Pacific Light and Power Company, carries a watch for working purposes of non-magnetic susceptibility, which he bought, two years ago, at Brock & Feagan's. After a year's wear he took it back to be regulated, leaving it in their charge thirty days before he called for it. The other day he had occasion to open the case at the back and out dropped a photograph of a beautiful young woman, which just fitted inside. For twelve months Mr. Balch had been carrying this fair unknown next to his heart, in blissful unconsciousness. A storm of ribald yells greeted him across the table when he told the story out at El Torrivio camp, and loud calls were made for the picture. Mrs. Balch looked at it serenely for a moment, warmly approved his taste, and then passed it along. If any customer of Brock & Feagan's, having left his watch for repairs, is minus a keepsake of this nature, I advise him to apply to Mr. Balch and prove property.

San Jose Wants John P. Burke

In welcoming back my friend John P. Burke, vice-president and manager of the Southern Trust Company, from his five weeks' jaunt eastward, I am reminded by the San Jose Mercury that the successful banker formerly lived in San Jose, where he stayed over for a day to visit old friends on his way home. The Mercury intimates that San Jose is in need of a few able men of the Burke type to give business an impetus there, and it suggests that a permanent return to his former associations would be a welcome move. But Mr. Burke cannot be spared. We need his kind quite as much as does San Jose, and we hardly think he would be satisfied to relinquish his present position and prospects in the southern metropolis for anything San Jose could offer him. He has outgrown San Jose, that is all.

If Heney is Elected Public Prosecutor

Surveyor General W. S. Kingsbury is down from Sacramento, arriving with the Elks' herd from the state capital, and Governor Gillett is due today. The latter has quietly announced that in no circumstances will he be an aspirant for re-nomination, and I am inclined to the opinion that the governor is in earnest. At the same time, the state campaign will not begin to be regarded seriously for at least another year. Much may happen, meantime. At this writing it looks as if the coming municipal contests, both in this city and in San Francisco, will decide altogether the line-up of the state fight in 1910. If Francis J. Heney should be elected district attorney of the northern metropolis, in November, look out for his promotion twelve months later to the governorship. Heney, as many Los Angelans will recall, is on record as saying that the proper way to divest California of her ill-smelling political garments is to begin with the right sort of governor, with guns trained on the legislature.

No Marked Opposition to Annexation

All reports to the contrary, serious opposition has not as yet been manifested toward the annexation of San Pedro harbor. Nor do I believe there will be anything like an organized effort to defeat the will of the majority in this particular. Interests that might have opposed a greater Los Angeles, with its own harbor, long ago became convinced that the best thing for all concerned would be not to attempt to get in the way of the march of progress, but rather to acquiesce in what everybody has come to regard as the inevitable. Who knows? After the next federal census the map of the world doubtless will show Los Angeles located right on the Pacific ocean, a real seaport. That advertisement will be worth to the city millions of dollars.

Look Out for "Pop" Blanchard

Municipal politics will be in full swing after next week, the Elks' meeting having delayed the issue this year, by common consent, among all the factions that expect to mix in the fray. The line-up, as it may develop, continues in a somewhat chaotic condition, the different interests all marking time in an effort to learn the plans of

one another. To this time it looks as if the school board may not continue non-partisan in politics, due to a variety of untoward causes, with all of which readers of The Graphic are familiar. So far as members of the prospective new city council are concerned, the election this year will not be by wards, for the first time in the city's history. That fact is regarded as certain to retire from public life nearly every member of the present municipal legislative body, but you never can tell. I hear that President Pease would not object to serving another term, and it would not altogether surprise me if "Pop" Blanchard succeeded in capturing the Republican nomination for mayor. That sounds a bit freakish, but just watch "Pop." Councilman Barney Healy also is making a quiet but thorough canvass, and has developed quite a respectable following. There might be lots worse timber in the council than Barney.

Los Angeles Pacific's Good Work

It is estimated that nearly 125,000 people visited Venice, Ocean Park and Santa Monica last Sunday and Monday, and the large majority of these holiday pleasure seekers were dependent upon the Los Angeles Pacific railroad for conveyance to these several beach points. High praise is due the transportation company for the thoroughly adequate manner in which it handled this almost unprecedented crowd. Sunday's car service was almost ideal, but Monday, when the larger throng made the round trip, and many who had stayed over from the previous day made the home ride, the facility shown in handling the people was remarkable. Trains of three, four, five and six cars were run on schedule of two and three minutes, so far as possible, and a record landing of passengers was made near the noon hour Monday, when 2,800 people were discharged within four minutes. It is true a percentage of the passengers was compelled to stand, but the cars were not inconveniently crowded, and the discomforts were far less than have prevailed on former holiday occasions. Two years ago, for instance, the Los Angeles Pacific Company carried the usually large Fourth of July crowd to the Santa Monica Bay district, and even though it had a large equipment, it was far from able to accommodate the heavy crowds. In the last two years, with the cry of financial depression everywhere, so generally has the rolling stock been augmented that the service has advanced to a point which challenges competition with any other electric railway company in the country. My compliments to Messrs. Clark and Sherman and their most efficient co-workers.

Col. Randolph's Real Position

Much foolish talk has been indulged in recently to the effect that Epes Randolph has been shorn of power by eastern interests building a network of trans-continental railways down in Mexico. I am in position to state that while the colonel has been relieved of part of the financial responsibility appertaining to this huge task, he will have in future, if anything, more real power than before, so far as Southern Pacific interests in the southwest are concerned. It is known that E. H. Harriman long ago became convinced that only one other individual approaches Randolph in ability, in Mr. Harriman's classification. Truth is, under the terms of a new deal recently arranged in New York, Colonel Randolph becomes general manager of all the Harriman properties in Mexico, Arizona, New Mexico and California, a responsibility that is more important than any other under Mr. Harriman's immediate supervision. The colonel's salary will be \$50,000 a year, and he will go right along building in the southern republic additional railway mileage that is aimed to cover the country, in time, with a network of iron highways. Colonel Randolph will remain, as before, a prime factor in the management of the Harriman electric lines in and around Los Angeles, and his principal assistant will be, in future, as in the past years, Colonel R. H. Ingram, formerly local head of Southern Pacific operation in Los Angeles. Incidentally, Colonel and Mrs. Randolph will continue to make of this city a "near" home, just as they have ever since the railroad man's physical condition rendered it imperative that he change his legal residence back to Tucson.

When Diaz Dies

I am informed that a big struggle is impending in Mexico, the like of which has not been experienced in that country for more than half a century, at least, not since President Diaz came into power. The latter is known to be nearly at the end of a life that has been full of stirring events, his dominant energy having given to his country its first real era of development. Those

in close touch with the trend of political affairs in the southern republic are convinced that upon the death of Diaz will ensue a sanguinary scramble among the lesser leaders for the control of power. There are two factions in Mexico, each with an eye on the main chance. One crowd, the reactionaries, if the term may be used, led by General Reyes, former secretary of war, is inclined to oppose American development. The other faction, headed by Ramon Corral, vice president of the republic, and Governor Creel of Chihuahua, both well and favorably known in Southern California, always has been glad to welcome American enterprise, backed, of course, by the necessary capital. Diaz is known to favor Corral as his successor, with Creel and the liberal following generally approving. As a buffer between the two factions is an alleged socialistic element that until recently had its headquarters in Los Angeles and in St. Louis. Back in Wall street the prospective battle for supremacy already has begun to excite considerable interest, for Mr. Harriman and his friends have several ships' cargoes of real money invested in Diaz' land. Los Angeles, too, is deeply concerned in the outcome, and is watching the preliminary skirmishes across the Rio Grande with hawklike eyes.

Unlikely Political Gossip

There is talk of A. P. Fleming for city attorney, which appears to be about the single new item in municipal politics afloat. I do not take much stock in it. Mr. Fleming, as secretary of the harbor commission, is fairly comfortably fixed, and I doubt if he is inclined to relinquish that appointive office for the uncertainties of an elective position.

Coronado Gets a Big Contingent

Coronado was one of the attractions for an over-Fourth sojourn, and many well-known Los Angelans motored to that beach resort and remained at Hotel del Coronado for the week-end. One automobile party consisted of Mrs. Kate Vosburg, Mr. Keith Vosburg, Mr. Murray Vosburg, Mrs. Grace Porter, Miss Josephine Rust, Dr. H. H. Coons, Dr. and Mrs. John R. Haynes and Mr. Lyman McGee. Among others of local society circles registered at the hotel recently were: Mr. and Mrs. Fielding J. Stilson, Mr. G. W. Perkins, Miss Perkins, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Y. Boothe, Miss Margaret Jones, Miss Sarah Boothe, Mr. Raymond C. Gould, Mr. J. J. Boothe, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Mann, Mrs. Walter Hempel and sister, Mrs. Joseph Scott, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Lichtenberger, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Trask, Mrs. W. E. Ramsey, Miss Ramsey, Miss M. Ramsey, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Ramsey, Mrs. L. L. Roby, Miss Thomas, Miss Hunt. Among the Los Angelans who took the Tour of the Tourist to Coronado were: Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Allen and son, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. McAllister, Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Wadsworth, Mr. J. L. Bernard, Mr. Linford Lull, Mr. Al Frank, Mr. Bert C. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. V. S. Beardsley, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Miller, Mr. and Mrs. George C. Barbe and son, Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Gerner, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Ames, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Borton, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Hammel, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Haff, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Drum, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Petout, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Ensign, Ralph W. Ensign, Sterling W. Ensign, Mrs. Clara C. Showers, Mrs. E. M. Gardner, Miss Mona Gardner, Mrs. C. S. Manning, Mr. J. D. Barnard, Mr. and Mrs. E. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Frank X. Pfaffinger, Mrs. George Smith, Charles B. Smith, Harold R. Smith, Mrs. James Beam, Mr. R. E. Martin, Mr. Albert J. Scholl, Albert J. Scholl Jr., Mr. C. L. Newerf, Mr. E. Swonsey, Mr. Joseph C. Gouldie, Mr. William Hunt, Mr. A. W. Rayworth, Mr. J. F. Barry and Mr. A. W. Stoll. Other Los Angeles people registering included: Mr. George Bean, Miss P. Young, Mr. P. Lazarus, Mr. A. P. Lazarus, Miss Vera E. Hermann, Mr. M. L. Evans, Miss Clara Mayer, Mr. A. W. Maxwell, Mr. F. MacPherson, Mr. William F. MacPherson, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Maier and daughter, Mrs. Henry Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. A. Jean DeYou, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. McEdward, Nelson McEdward, Mr. William Sloane, Mrs. A. W. Ervine, Miss Ervine, Mr. M. D. Fullerton, Mr. H. S. White, Mr. H. J. Horner, Mr. George Caswell, Mrs. Edmund F. Barton, Miss Neita Barton, Mr. L. M. Rush, Mr. B. A. Owen, Mr. George Morrison Jr., Mr. H. P. Miller, Mr. A. F. Thornton, Mrs. C. G. Gough, Mrs. Mary Reed, Miss Mary L. O'Donoghue, Mr. R. C. Smith Jr., Mr. P. J. Wheeler, Mr. Frank H. Adams, Mrs. V. W. Davis, Mr. D. P. Hatch, Mr. Warren E. Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. J. Arthur Shea, Mr. R. H. Hawthorne, Mr. Nathan Jacoby, Miss Rita Jacoby, Mr. G. A. Brock, Mr. Lamar A. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Bowman, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin A. Meserve, Sherley E. Meserve, Mr. I. J. Muma, Mrs. F. S. Hughes and Miss Nan Hughes.

LITTLE GEMS OF REAL POETRY

BY OLIVE PERCIVAL

San Pedro — Morning

A smooth, smooth sea of gray, gray glass;
An open sea, where big ships pass
Into the sun;
A boat-dotted harbor; gulls, wheeling and screaming,
And surf-song and fisher-cry end our night's dreaming—
Day has begun.

Evening

A broken sea of rosy jade;
A rose-pink sky; black ships that fade
Into the night;
Across the bay, the city seems
But elfin music, drowsy dreams
And silver light!

The Reader

When all the world is a table of books,
And the night is never-ending;
When the big, white moon is a shaded lamp,
And no guests my time are spending;
When essentials like these are arranged for me,
How extremely agreeable life will be!

Old Books

My old, old books that ever wait
In proud humility,
The emeralds of Cortez great
Can never buy of me!

My Hill

Between the brown and oak-plumed hills
Is the hill of my dreams, desires;
All day a hill of blue, blue mist;
And at sunset all opal fires.
Ah, the feet of the heedless its paths have found;
But for me it is ever forbidden ground!

July

Bleached the hills and the river bed;
Brown the mesa where linnets sing;
All the days are white glare, white dust;
O, the mists and the dreams of Spring!

August Nights

The garden's hot and dusty flowers
Grow sweet, grow cool with dew;
The country silence sings and brings
Serenity anew.

The Lily Pool

I have heard of a lake where great ships sail,
On whose shores twenty cities take their pleasure;
I am hid in a garden, to reflect
One white lily—a weeping woman's treasure!

Paraders to be Well Cared For

With the Best People on Earth in possession of the city, Los Angeles, naturally, is anxious to prove that here also are to be found many more of the same. The coming week is to belong to the Elks who, when they march through the city's principal streets, in parade, will encounter an innovation that is certain to be appreciated. The committee on arrangements has provided ice water that is to be distributed at intervals along the marching line. Attendants will be stationed at convenient points who will lave the dusty throats of the thirsty herd. In addition, wagons with iced supplies will assist in this good Samaritan work.

Children's Pictures in Characteristic Attitudes Carbons, Platinotypes, Etchings

AWARDED EIGHTEEN MEDALS
Unquestionable Artistic Endorsements

Heckel

Studio and Art Gallery, 336 1-2 South Broadway
SPECIAL EXHIBITION OF OILS NOW ON VIEW



Mr. Galsworthy is the man in the gallery who manipulates the spot light. He takes the procession as it comes and seems to be saying to the powers that be, as Hilary Dallison goes by: "Just see what lack of material pressure and a pedantic education along conventional lines will make of a man!" And of Stephen Dallison, his brother, who has a sense of humor to help keep down his social-conscience ghost: "See what a persevering grandfather has done for him!" And of Mrs. Hilary: "This is what a childless, bloodless marriage will do for a woman with a creative instinct," and as Mr. Pursey, with his views founded on a sense of property, ambles past: "How do you like this?" Of Mr. Stowe, an aged scientist, "See how futile the idea of universal brotherhood becomes in the hands of a dried-up, detached, visionary!"

Mr. Galsworthy draws no conclusions for his readers, but he fixes a premise that goes relentlessly to a conclusion in any sensitive mind. His setting is London, in the homes of two or three types of people. Hilary Dallison is a writer, poet, essayist, dilettante—whose wife, Bianca, is a painter. Stephen Dallison, his brother, with his wife, Cecilia, and daughter, Thyme, form another group. Mr. and Mrs. Hughs and a young girl, model to Bianca, are a bit of the "submerged tenth," and the source of all the trouble. What Mr. Galsworthy seems to say is, that civilization as represented by individual types has been and is a doubtful achievement; that natural human emotions have been so beaten down and confined as to take grotesque and abnormal forms when they do assert themselves; while education, in the accepted sense of the term, has only developed uncertainty, and paralyzed action and decision. This is a serious arraignment and gives one a gripping sense of shame.

Galsworthy's style, made familiar by his previous novels, "The Country House" and "A Man of Property," is terse almost to the point of brevity, at times, but when he gives his imagination full play, as in describing the beauties of nature or the dreams of youth, he writes with impassioned eloquence. He is not a pessimist; with all his fine searching, he sees in youth a perpetual opportunity and hope. As contrasted with Mrs. Humphrey Ward or De Morgan, Mr. Galsworthy's method is modern to a startling degree. Mrs. Ward leaves nothing to the imagination, her detail is so minute; Galsworthy is as rough hewn as a statue of Rodin's, but his whole effect is unmistakable. ("Fraternity," By John Galsworthy. G. P. Putnam's Sons.) M. H. C.

"Shadow of the Crescent"

Edward Bedinger Mitchell, who has been justly called the American Gaboriau for his stirring detective stories of mysteries, is a Los Angelen by choice, having lived here for the last six years. What a melodrama is to a polite society drama, his latest story, "The Shadow of the Crescent," is to the modern novel. And just as a good melodrama sets the blood stirring, so does this exciting tale of an American's adventures with his mysterious ward, through Paris, New York and Turkey, set the pulse throbbing. It is a better class of story than the usual production of its type, although the author does indulge in improbable flights of fancy. However, he masks them in such a cloak of plausibility that the book makes interesting and highly enjoyable reading. ("The Shadow of the Crescent," By Edward Bedinger Mitchell. Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

"A Royal Ward"

Percy Brebner has a delicate knack of romantic writing that raises his stories above the plane of mediocrity. He does not write vitally, nor does he make any attempt to stir the depths, but in his latest novel, "A Royal Ward," he evolves a smooth, pretty love tale, with a spice of adventure and danger to give it zest. Mr. Brebner writes with a touch that is almost womanly, although he is inclined to idealize his feminine characters—even

their vices—in a romantically masculine manner. The time in which he places his story—England, just after the French revolution—offers a ripe field for adventurous crusades, and in his relation of the incidents in the life of a French refugee Mr. Brebner has not failed to take advantage of the situation. The tale is rich with quaint characters, drawn with Dickensian regard to detail. ("A Royal Ward," By Percy Brebner. Little, Brown & Co.)

"Songs From Sky Meadows"

Charles Crandall's "Songs From Sky Meadows" is pre-eminently the work of a man who loves Nature in her every mood, who knows every fascination of her infinite variety. His songs are permeated with a breezy, out-of-door tone in consequence, although now and then is detected a vein of melancholy, but never with that somber note of hopelessness that has appealed to poets, greater and lesser. His opening fancy, an intimate epistle, "To Poesy," attunes one to the general atmosphere, and its musical lyrical quality makes perhaps the most pleasing impression on ear and mind of any in the collection. Among the more serious efforts his "Man of Clay" stands strongly out. It is vital, couched in well-chosen, colorful words, and stays with the reader. The majority of the poems will not permit Charles Crandall to lay any claim to greatness, but they are worth reading for the occasional gems found among them. As the author himself desires in his fanciful dedication, it is a book "for a cosy nook by the fireplace." ("Songs From Sky Meadows," By Charles Crandall. The Outing Publishing Co.)

Magazines of the Month

Soul-stirring in intensity of interest is Norman Duncan's story of "Higgins—A Man's Christian," in the July Harpers'. Higgins is a sky pilot of the Minnesota lumber camps, a hero who sacrifices his life to the interests of the lumber men, and whose only reward is their love and trust. Edmund Gosse tells of London's "Mermaid Club," which is known to readers of Keats, through his "Lines on the Mermaid Tavern." The members were Elizabethan men of letters, and the precious records available of their merry meetings have been collected by Mr. Gosse. "The Fear of Death," by Dr. E. L. Keyes, is a delightfully sane and inspiring discussion which does one good to read. Fiction in this number is by Marjorie Bowen, Charles Egbert Craddock, Muriel Campbell Dyar, Jack London, Johnson Morton, Marie Van Vorst, Marie Manning and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

American Review of Reviews for July contains a varied assortment of articles on a wide selection of topics. The Northwestern Railway situation is described by Ray Morris. "Dr. Edward Everett Hale" is the subject of a paper by George Perry Morris. "What a Visitor Sees at the Seattle Fair" is a timely contribution by R. S. Jones, Jr.; Alfred H. Brooks writes of "The Alaska of Today." Among the leading articles of the month are "Mr. Bryan, the Democrats and the Tariff," "Some Fallacies of American Socialism," "The Human Basis of the Art of Acting," "How Spain Gained by the Loss of Cuba and the Philippines," "The Cause of Spanish Decline," "The Emancipation of South America." In the Progress of the World department a number of timely topics and subjects are written of in an interesting manner.

Hawaii, the picturesque island possession of the United States, is featured in the Overland Monthly for July. A number of articles on the beauties of the islands, which have become so popular with tourists, are combined in the description, and a varied and large selection of pictures of the scenic spots are used in illustration. Other contributions include "The Modern Penological Movement," by Rev. Augustus Drahms, and "Tinsel Patriotism," by Barnett Franklin, in which the editor deprecates the use of the national flag on the stage as the means of arousing the enthusiasm of the audience. Among the fiction writers are Will F. Griffen, Walter Archer Frost and Walter Adolf Roberts.

Putnam's for July leads with one of Elliott Flower's articles on the railroad industry, "Opening Up the Northwest," that is of particular interest to western people. There are a number

In the Wake of the Green Banner

BY EUGENE PAUL METOUR - - - ILLUSTRATED \$1.35

MR. EUGENE PAUL METOUR has written in this story nothing less than the moving epic of the French occupation of Algeria. The author lived long in Algeria, where his father, an engineer in the French service, was engaged in building roads through the colony. Consequently he has had unrivalled facilities for learning his Barbary. Beginning with a native uprising in Morocco, he takes his characters a flight over the Atlas Mountains, itself a memorable part of the novel, until they fall in with the Moslem army encamped in siege of the last outlying oasis held by the French. Here, between the spurs of Atlas and Sahara, the main action of the story takes place. In his picture of the fighting around the oasis, Mr. Metour proves himself a master-painter of war. It is one of the most romantic and original tales of love and fighting that have appeared in years.

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of good fiction tales, including another installment of Alice MacGowan's serial. An appreciation of George Meredith is contributed by Emil James Putnam, and Gaillard Hunt reviews the work of Elihu Root as secretary of state. There are several able articles by well-known writers, including Hugh Weir's "The American Church on Trial," and "The Lounger's" gossip chat on books and writers.

NOTES ON ART

Among the pictures in the collection of the late John T. Martin of New York, which was dispersed by auction sale last April, was a Corot, "La Charette," which was described in the catalogue as "an unusual Corot, combining the charm of tree and sky with an incident of every-day peasant life such as is very infrequently found among the artist's work." The painting was knocked down at the sale at Mendelssohn Hall to C. K. G. Billings for \$30,000. In a recent number of L'illustration are reproductions of several paintings of the Barbizon masters which the late M. Chauchard, proprietor of the Magasins du Louvre, left to the French nation. One of them is "La Charette," by Corot, which M. Chauchard had insured for 135,000 francs, about \$2,500 less than Mr. Billings paid for his "La Charette." After a careful examination of the process reproduction in L'illustration and the photograph in the de luxe illustrated catalogue of the Martin collection, the only conclusion one can reach is that one is a copy of the other, and that whoever made the copy, it was not Corot. Corot, like many another great artist, made replicas of his pictures. Millet's "Going to Work—Dawn of Day," which was in the Martin collection, and for which the late Harry S. Henry of Philadelphia paid the sensational price of \$50,000, is said to be a replica of a larger painting of the same subject—the original—in the Glasgow Gallery.

Now, a "replica" is different from a "copy," notes the art critic of the New York Evening Post. When an artist makes a replica of one of his pictures he may do it from the original, but more often he does it from memory, assisted by the sketches he made for the original. Even if he tries to reproduce closely that original, there are bound to be some differences, both in the drawing and in the color. An adept copyist can reproduce every line of the original—it is easy enough to do by photography nowadays, and before photography was used it was done by tracing—and if he is clever enough, as one notorious forger of Corot's paintings was, he can reproduce the color and feeling as well, so that even the greatest experts are deceived sometimes. Comparing the reproductions of the Martin and Chauchard "La Charette," the drawing is found to be so exactly similar in both that it is impossible that the copy, whichever be the copy, can have been done by free-hand, and it is not to be supposed that Corot descended to tracing; the angles and curves of the twisted twigs of the oak tree and of the birch are identical; the shadows do not differ a hair's breadth; where Corot put a dark leaf in his feathery foliage, which was a favorite trick of his, the copyist has

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reproduced it exactly. The profiles the distant highland are the same, even the stones with which the chaquettes are loaded are identical in the two pictures. But which is the copy and which is the original, or whether both the Chauchard and the Martin pictures are copies of the original, we do not pretend to say. That both were not painted by Corot, however, seems pretty certain.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

By Blanche Rogers Lott

The Dominant Club closed its meetings for the summer by giving an elaborate musical program last Saturday afternoon at the residence of Mrs. George J. Birkel. It was enjoyed by the full membership of about sixty women and their individual guests. The opening number was "Les Contrastes" for two pianos, by Moscheles, played by Mesdames W. F. Botsford, George S. Marygold, H. Clifford Lott and Miss Clara Bosbyshell. Mr. George Walker, recently of Berlin and a sojourner here, as a guest of Miss O'Donoghue, sang a group of Schubert songs. Mrs. Ben Lathrop of New York City sang the soprano aria from "Louise" (Charpentier) and "Romance" (Debussy), and Mrs. Marygold and Mrs. Botsford gave another Debussy number, "Danse Sacre" and "Danse Profane," for two pianos. Fannie Dillon gave her piano music incidental to Browning's "Saul," and a woman's quartet, composed of Mrs. Bertha Vaughn, first soprano; Mrs. Chas. G. Stivers, second soprano; Misses Beresford Joy and Katherine Ebbert, first and second altos, sang two groups, one of Reinecke two-voice canons, a. "Tanzlied," b. "Nocturne," and selections by Abbie Norton Jamison, a member of the club, Templeton Strong, and Delibes. Membership to this club is limited to professional women musicians, and the limited membership is full. The program committee chairman, Katherine Ebbert, had this program in charge and certainly fulfilled her duty thoroughly.

The quartet of women's voices mentioned is needed in Los Angeles. The members of it are all solo singers of standing, each one such a musician that individual personality is blended into perfect sympathy and ensemble. May they become a permanent organization and have the support of the clubs, musical and otherwise.

Mr. W. L. Hubbard, the well-known musical critic of the Chicago Tribune, was a guest of Mrs. Dreyfus at the Dominant Club musical. He is in Los Angeles for a few weeks prior to taking a trip to Japan. Sunday evening he will be a guest of Miss Margaret Goetz, to meet a few friends.

Eastern papers report Henry T. Finck, the New York critic, as on his vacation in California. Of course, that means Los Angeles.

It was impossible for me to attend the testimonial concert and repetition of "The Violin Maker of Cremona," given for Eugene Nowland, Saturday night last. I am told that the audience was pitifully small. It is late in the season, to be sure, but one fact should not have been overlooked by the members of a prominent club for which Mr. Nowland first presented this charming play. Twice was this production given for the benefit of the Gamut Club. The musical introduction consisted of the following numbers, presented by Harrison Williams, an excellent pianist, Beatrice Hubbel Plummer, the splendid soprano, and Harry Girard, who is rapidly becoming a popular singer:

Etude, op. 25, No. 1, Etude, op. 25, No. 7, Scherzo, op. 56 (Chopin), Mr. Williams; Springtime (Greene), Working Song (Sennacher), Query (Nowland), Mrs. Plummer; Group of Songs, by Harry Girard; Lucille Nowland Sennacher at the piano.

These violin numbers were interpolated by Mr. Nowland during the play, Romanze (Arthur Foote), "The Swan" (Saint-Saens).

Isabella Curlain, otherwise our good friend, Isabel Curl, well known in Los Angeles, according to the Musical Courier's Paris items, has been visiting Paris on her way to London, where she will sing before returning to operate engagements in Milan.

Edgar Stillman Kelley, the distinguished American composer, now liv-

ing in Berlin, has written a new string quartet, and it has been performed at a concert of the Franz Liszt Academy. Mr. Kelley has friends in Los Angeles who are always glad of news concerning him.

Liza Lehmann, best known by her "Persian Garden," is to tour America with a vocal quartet which will present this cycle and other works by her. This talented woman is a fine pianist, and will accompany in all presentations. In private life Liza Lehmann is Mrs. Herbert Bedford, and her husband is also a composer of merit. Their home is in London.

It seems we are not to hear Marcella Craft on this visit to her native state. She is advertised for a second Boston recital August 4, and no arrangements have been made for a local concert.

In a London interview Toscanini had this to say: "The New York public—the operagoers—are less impulsive than ours. They do not show open hostility to inferior artists and defective performances, but limit themselves to a chill silence. They give close, even intense, attention. Nothing escapes them, and their judgment is authoritative. It is not true, as has been asserted, that they allow themselves to be influenced by great names. They do delight in fine achievements, and Caruso is their idol; yet if Caruso is not quite himself there is a falling off in the acclaim which greets him. There are American singers, some of them triumphant and renowned, yet despite patriotic admiration, if these artists do not distinctly make good they are received with glacial coldness."

There is to be a Brahms festival in Munich in September. It is the first one ever held, and the Munich municipality pays part of the expenses.

Manuscript of an unpublished opera by Verdi has been found in his villa at Santa Agata. This work will probably be performed in Milan next season.

Paderewski's symphony in B minor was performed in Paris recently, and the virtuoso played the Beethoven E flat concerto and Saint-Saens' C minor concerto. The enthusiasm of the audience passed all bounds.

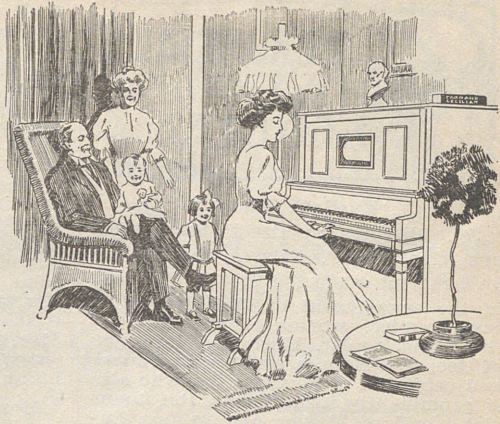
A new opera singer has won a name at Covent Garden, London. Her name is Maria Galvany, and she made her debut in "La Sonnambula," and, according to the critics, she is an extraordinary singer and actress.

Kusnezsky, the double-bass player and conductor, who has given \$250,000 in aid of young Russian composers, is the husband of a very rich woman. He has been giving concerts lately in London, where it is reported that English composers also are to benefit by his generosity. "The task of the modern composer," says London Truth, "might be said to consist of three stages of progressively increasing difficulty. The first consists in writing the work, the second in getting it published, and the third in getting people to play it and buy it. It is not enough, in other words, to write works and get them published; the public must also be persuaded to like them, and this is usually the hardest task of all."

According to Le Temps, Massenet does not enter into the strenuous life. He retires every evening at 8 o'clock, and never accepts an invitation to a theater except for an afternoon performance. He gets up at 4 o'clock in the morning and soon afterward he is at work. By 10 o'clock his musical labors are ended and he attends to other more prosaic duties. He has a curious habit of making marginal notes on his manuscript scores—notes relating to all sorts of irrelevant things, such as the state of the weather. On one page of his "Werther" score there is an entry to the effect that the day previous, June 25, 1887, Charpentier had won the Grand Prix de Rome. Charpentier, the composer of "Louise," was a pupil of Massenet, at the Paris Conservatoire.

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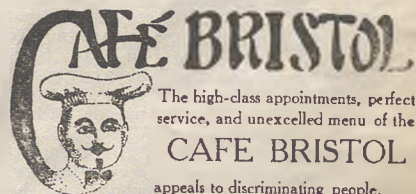
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By Ruth Burke

As a distinct surprise to her numerous friends and admirers was the announcement made the first of the week of the engagement of Miss May Sutton, premiere woman tennis player of the world, to Mr. Harry B. Ham, son of George I. Ham, a well-known banker and capitalist of Mexico City, who also is prominently identified in the financial world of Mexico and in Los Angeles, where he has important banking interests. It was not intended that the betrothal should be announced until the autumn, but the champion tennis player following her sensational victory on the San Rafael courts this week, in the match with Miss Hazel Hotchkiss of Berkeley, confided the secret to one or two of her intimate friends and, naturally, such news was too good to keep. To chronicle Miss May Sutton's triumphs on the tennis court would be almost impossible, for seldom has she met defeat, and among her well-deserved laurels are the championship of England, which she twice won, champion of America and champion player of the world. She is the second of the famous quartet of Sutton sisters to enter life's doubles tournament. Mrs. Bruce, the eldest of the family of tennis experts is regarded by many as second in ability only to her youngest sister. Miss Sutton and her fiancé met on the golf links of the American Country Club in the City of Mexico, when the former was visiting the Mexican capital last April. Mr. Ham is a Yale graduate, and as an amateur pool and billiard player has held the championship of Mexico for two years. Although a clever golfer and an enthusiastic sportsman, his achievements on the tennis court have only been noteworthy since his meeting with Miss Sutton. The wedding, it is said, will take place early in the fall.

At an attractively appointed bridge whist party given Thursday afternoon by Mrs. Bernal Dias of West Sixth street, an engagement announcement was made which occasioned much interest among the younger society folk. The bride-elect is Miss Cynthia Fay, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fay of 1298 Orange street, and her betrothed is Mr. Lucian J. Clark, a prominent young attorney of Los Angeles and secretary of the Good Government organization. Date for the wedding will be set for some time in September. Miss Fay is a graduate of the Los Angeles high school and a member of one of the sororities. She is popular with the younger society set of this city, and will be the recipient of much social attention prior to her marriage. Mrs. Dias' guests to whom the engagement was announced were: Mmes. Rowe Sanderson, Hiram Tibbets, William Kuehn, Albert Moore, Hamilton Fay, Guy Hagerty; Misses Cecil Badgley, Clara Badgley, Lina Johnson, Florence Foy, Marie Gavagan, Leola Allen, Mercedes de Luna, Evelyn Dulin and Miss Bertha Dias of St. Louis, who is a house guest of her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Bernal Dias.

Elaborate preparations are being made for the grand ball to be given the evening of July 16 in connection with the Elks' grand lodge reunion. The ball will take place in the Shrine Auditorium, which will be appropriately and artistically decorated for the occasion. A band of fifty pieces will play for the dancing. Mr. William T. Calderwood is chairman of the committee on arrangements and floor manager of the ball. Mrs. Calderwood has been appointed chairman of the women's reception committee, and patronesses for the affair are: Mmes. Leo V. Youngworth, M. J. McGarry, Will Stephens, John Brink, Frank Bryson, T. J. Darmody, Motley H. Flint, Otto Schons, Edmund B. Drake, John Howard, Paul Robinson, W. W. Homan, Fox Stamps Jr., Charles P. Kitts, J. Boylson, C. H. Crippen, Charles M. Benbrook, Harry H. Harrington, Herbert Cornish, Frank B. Pitner, W. O. Morton, G. U. Whitney, A. T. Jergins, M. Ray Costerisan, H. P. Woodell, George Ragland, Robert

Atkinson, Gus Pockels, Burt Roberts, L. E. Behymer, Clarence Berry, C. D. Hudson, E. E. Sherrard, A. J. Daniels, E. J. Brent, Frank D. Hudson, Charles Van Pelt, C. A. Boyle, E. J. Stanton, C. A. Routzahn, Tom Thornton, Fred E. Pierce, O. C. Saakes, J. P. Yates, Joseph T. Campbell, D. McCune, Al Levy, Charles B. Nichols, Felicia C. Stein, Romelo Pico, Anna Stoermer, A. C. Pratt, Charles S. Montgomery, Belle Everett, Austin Elliott, W. J. Elder, S. K. Pelton, W. H. Mead, Stanley M. Knight, Don Clappitt, I. W. Birnbaum, Harold H. Moore, Martin C. Marsh, John F. Seeley, Frank C. McArthur, Harry Coate, Howard Seager, Frank Huddel, W. R. Maiden; Misses Grace Stoermer, Grace Hilgren, Anna Wainwright, Hazel Burke, Mattie Labory, Lillian Scanlon and L. Bogy.

Mrs. Walter Lindley, just before leaving London, gave a tea at the Victoria Hotel, Northumberland street. Her guests were her cousin, Mrs. Ralph Thicknesse of London, Mrs. Herbert C. Hoover, formerly of Los Angeles, an alumnus of Stanford University, now living in London; Miss Edith Jordan of Los Angeles Polytechnic faculty; Mrs. Ernest K. Foster of Los Angeles; Miss Wilson of the Percy Wilson family of Los Angeles, and Mrs. Mary Austin of California, author of "Isidoro" and "The Land of Little Rain." Mrs. Austin is now in London, having passed a year in Rome and six months in Paris. She plans to return to the Pacific coast this fall, and will make her home in Los Angeles.

Mrs. R. F. Raiff and her daughter, Miss Franquita Raiff of Western avenue, were hostesses Tuesday afternoon at a handsomely appointed tea given in honor of Miss Rose Huchendorf, whose engagement to Mr. Alfred Hill was recently announced, and Miss Gladys Canoll, another charming bride-elect. The decorations were attractively carried out in a color scheme of yellow and black. Besides the guests of honor, there were present Mmes. Ralph Johnson, George E. Graham, Gieson; Misses Vera De Forest, Vera Spring, Kathryn Spring, Bernie Healy, Frank Harris and Ella Topping of Ottawa, Kan., Hilda Gardner, Leo Lundy, Mabel Jeans and Helen Judson.

Miss Ada B. Seeley, daughter of Mrs. Leah J. Seeley of 1515 South Figueroa street, who was graduated this year from the Mt. Vernon Seminary in Washington, D. C., has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Martin of Vermont avenue are entertaining as a house guest their daughter, Mrs. Zeno Everett Briggs, wife of Lieutenant Briggs of the Puget Sound navy yard. Mrs. Briggs before her marriage was Miss Kitty Martin, and her many friends have welcomed her return to Los Angeles for a visit. Several affairs will be given in her honor.

Miss Katherine Sawtelle of Harvard boulevard, a popular bride-elect, was the guest of honor Thursday at a matinee party given at the Belasco Theater by Miss Gertrude Workman. Following the performance a collation was served at one of the local tea shops.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cannon Hurd of 777 North Los Robles avenue, Pasadena, have returned from a six weeks' trip in the east. They were accompanied on their return by Miss Laura E. Jones of Columbus, Ohio, who will be their house guest for a large part of the summer season.

In compliment to their two daughters, Misses Lucile and Sarah Clark, who returned recently from Wellesley College, Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Clark of 141 Westmoreland place, entertained Tuesday evening with an informal dancing party, their guests including members of the younger set.

Master Stoddard Atwood, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Atwood of 1660 Shatto street, has gone north for a part of the summer and will be a guest while away in the home of his uncle, Mr. James T. Shea, a prominent merchant of Seattle. On his northern trip Master Atwood was accompanied by Mrs. Clara Harding of this city, who will pass the summer in travel.

Mrs. L. J. Linkenbach of 691 South Burlington avenue is entertaining, as house guests for the summer, her nephew and niece, Laurence Whitney and Miss Marion Whitney, the son and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Whitney of Milbury, Mass., the former a large thread manufacturer. Miss Ma-

rian Whitney is a student at Wellesley College, and her brother is attending the Worcester Academy. Both have visited here a number of summers.

Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby Rodman and sons, Clifford and Willoughby Rage Rodman, of Orchard avenue, left the latter part of last week for the north. Mrs. Rodman will visit in San Francisco, Oakland and other cities, and Mr. Rodman and their sons will enjoy a trip through the Yosemite, the Hetch-Hetchy valley and up the Tuolumne river with the Sierra Club.

Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee of 987 Magnolia avenue will entertain next Wednesday afternoon with a small tea in honor of her two daughters, Mrs. George French Hamilton and Mrs. John Hastings Howard, who are house guests of their parents. Invitations have been extended only to young matrons and unmarried friends of the young women.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Hay Chapman, formerly prominent in Los Angeles society circles, but who lately have made Berkeley their home city, have taken a house at 1730 Laguna street, Santa Barbara, Miss Dorothea Groff of Redondo has been their house guest for two or three weeks.

One of the prettiest of the week's society affairs was the tea given Friday by Mrs. Thomas E. Gibbon of Harvard boulevard in compliment to Mrs. George French Hamilton and Mrs. John Hastings Howard, who are house guests of their parents, Lieutenant-General and Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee of 987 Magnolia avenue. About seventy-five guests were present.

Mr. and Mrs. William May Garland and Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Connell left Thursday morning for an outing trip to Alaska. They will remain for a few days in San Francisco, Seattle and Victoria.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Cuzner of Harvard boulevard are camping for several weeks at Creel Camp and have as their guest Dr. John F. Curran of Hotel Netherlands.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Allender of West Twenty-seventh street have returned from a week's motoring trip to San Francisco.

Mr. Grant G. Gillette and his little son, Master Waldo Allen of 43 Westmoreland place, have returned from a visit of three weeks in New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Durham are receiving congratulations upon the arrival of a daughter, who has been named Dorothy Rogers Durham.

Mr. and Mrs. James C. Foy of 432 South Alvarado street returned this week from an extended outing at Lake Tahoe and other northern points.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Clifford Payson, formerly of Menlo avenue, have moved to San Diego. This summer they will reside at Hotel del Coronado and later will open their home in San Diego.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Halsey of 668 South Bonnie Brae street, with Mrs. Vail Brainard of New York City, have returned from a motor trip to Ventura and Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Seeley Eastman and daughter, Miss Pauline Eastman, of Orange street, left the first of the week for a three months' trip through the east. They plan to return via the southern route, stopping at Mobile and New Orleans.

Mrs. Lucius L. Vogel of 2271 Cambridge street was hostess at a large reception Thursday afternoon, her guest of honor being Mrs. Helen Chalmers Kingston of Buffalo, N. Y., who is in Los Angeles for a visit of three months. Mrs. Vogel and Mrs. Kingston were assisted in receiving by Mrs. Sidney I. Darin and Mrs. Donald Keeler. Those helping in the dining room were Mmes. H. L. White, Charles Steinbaur, William Reeve, G. L. Huntley, Della Carriers and Misses Pearl King and Carrie King.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Bowman Rollins of West Twenty-eighth street have as a guest, their niece, Miss Sehon, daughter of Captain and Mrs. John L. Sehon of San Diego, who will make an extended visit here.

Congratulations are being received by Pay Inspector Mason Ball and Mrs. Ball of Philadelphia, upon the arrival of a daughter, who is now about three

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weeks old. Mrs. Ball, who was Miss Cornelia Winder, was one of the most popular society girls of Los Angeles prior to her marriage and departure from this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Levering have come from the Philippines and will be guests for the summer of Mrs. Levering's sister, Mrs. W. R. Davis of Burlington avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Shettler are planning an eastern trip of several weeks. They will leave Los Angeles about the middle of August and will visit with Mr. Shettler's relatives in Michigan.

Dr. and Mrs. Josiah Evans Cowles and Miss Louise Nixon Hill of West Adams street passed the week end at Camp Sierra.

Mrs. Edward Hill of South Hoover street, with Mrs. B. Mabury and daughter of 919 West Twenty-eighth street, are enjoying a few weeks at the Yosemite.

Miss Edith Minor, sister of Mrs. C. D. Viele of Raymond avenue, left recently with a party of friends for a month's visit in the Yosemite. Later Mrs. Viele and Miss Minor will take a month's trip to one of the vacation resorts.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Phillips of 2215 Harvard boulevard are at Catalina for the month of July. Their daughter, Miss Angelita, is enjoying an outing with the Sierra Club.

Miss Marjorie Freeman, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Freeman of Needles, Cal., and this city, has been visiting at Sierra Madre as the house guest of Miss Katherine Torrance.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Anna Lee Messmore, niece of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Messmore of 1142 West Thirty-seventh street, to Mr. Cresslyn L. Tilley. The wedding will take place early in September.

Miss Bessie McIntyre of Napa, Cal., who has been visiting with Miss Monnie Botsford of 1213 Orange street, left Thursday for her home. She was accompanied by Miss Botsford and the latter's brother, Mr. John Botsford, who will be her guests for a few weeks.

Mr. Alden W. Skinner of the American National Bank, accompanied by Mrs. Skinner, will leave July 15 on a two years' tour of the world. They will visit Japan, China, Honolulu, Manila, Malay Peninsula, Java, Burmah, North and South India, Ceylon, Arabia, Egypt and will make an extended tour of Europe.

Mrs. W. M. Goodwin of 2956 La Salle street announces the engagement of her sister, Miss Elsie Brown, to Mr. Albert Jessie Duryea. The wedding will take place in the latter part of this month.

Mr. I. N. Van Nuys and family of West Sixth street have taken the cottage at 1007 Ocean Front for the summer. Miss Kate Van Nuys is still abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Boettcher of 705 East Thirty-second street left this week for a nine months' tour of Europe. They were accompanied by their son and daughter, Mr. Frank and Miss Cora Boettcher.

One of the most delightful of the Fourth of July celebrations was the affair given Monday evening by Major and Mrs. Elon F. Willcox at their home, 2957 Haldale avenue, for their young son, Master Farnsworth Willcox. A varied assortment of fireworks provided entertainment in the earlier part of the evening for the young folk and later a delectable collation was served in a room in the garage, which was especially fitted up and decorated for the occasion. The walls were hung with flags from several of the many foreign countries which the young host, with his parents, has visited. About the large American flag, draped in a prominent center, were a Japanese flag, an English Union Jack and the flag of the Sulu of Moro. Beautiful large lanterns brought from Jolo Jolo were used in the illumination. Favors were miniature flags and candy fire crackers. Master Willcox's guests were: Miss Margaret Erdt, Miss Bertha Pitts, Miss Nita Raeburn, Miss Margaret Martell, Master Leonard Comegys and Master Lane Pitts. While the young guests were enjoying their repast, Major and Mrs. Willcox entertained, as guests, Mrs. C. Erdt, Mr. and Mrs. Louis C. Erdt, Mrs. Grace Comegys and Mrs. Wellington Burke.

Miss Philippa Mitchell of Figueroa street has as her house guest, Miss Hazel Rhinock of Covington, Ky., daughter of Congressman Rhinock. Miss Rhinock arrived recently from New York, where she has been studying, and will make a visit here of several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Haskins and family, with Mrs. Haskins' sister, Mrs. Ernest C. Hamilton and two children, have taken a cottage at Hermosa for the summer.

Mrs. Earl H. Knepper, formerly Miss Anita Perrin, was the guest of honor recently at a delightful evening entertainment given by Miss Ethel McLellan of 2143 West Twenty-first street.

Mr. Frank Marcher of 2136 Thompson street, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Bernice Marcher, left this week for a European trip. They will pass their first month in England and while in London will be the guests of Lord and Lady Beresford. Later they will travel through Scotland, Germany, Switzerland, France and Italy.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert L. Crutcher of 1257 West Adams street have taken a cottage at Hermosa for a part of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Irwin will go to Hermosa Beach August 1 for an outing of a month or so.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Bohon of 1245 West Adams street have taken a cottage at Hermosa Beach for the summer.

Mr. Meyer Siegel of 1041 Magnolia left recently for the east. He will visit in New York and points in Canada and will return by way of Seattle before the close of the exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin S. Rowley of Menlo avenue, with their daughter, Miss Grace Rowley, are occupying a cottage on the ocean front, Ocean Park, for the summer.

Mrs. Joseph Hirsch of San Francisco is visiting her sister, Mrs. Gus Goldsmith of 1417 West Twenty-seventh street.

Mr. Eugene Clark, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Clark of St. James Park, is home from the MacKenzie School on the Hudson, for his vacation.

Mrs. John F. Francis and Mrs. John G. Mossin of Ninth and Bonnie Brae street have returned from an extended eastern trip.

Mrs. Irving Sayford, formerly of Washington and now of New York, is passing the summer in Los Angeles, and with her sister, Mrs. A. F. Johnston, has taken apartments at Hotel Loomis.

Mrs. B. Y. Voight of 926 Harold Way, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Mildred Voight, left Wednesday of this week for a two months' visit in the east.

Misses May and Ruby Kimball of 1839 Third avenue and Miss Estelle Rockwood left the first of the week for Europe, where they will travel for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Nat Wilshire and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rowan have gone to Redondo, where they will occupy the Wilshire cottage for the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan McFarland and Mr. and Mrs. Leo Chandler have taken the Bulkley house on the bluffs at Redondo for the summer season.

Messrs. Dwight Whiting and Frederick Boynton left recently for Japan. They will visit Honolulu, China and points of interest in the orient.

Mr. and Mrs. Burton E. Green of Ellendale place left this week for Ocean Park, where they will sojourn for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Carr have taken a cottage on Horizon street, Venice, for the summer months.

Mrs. Perry Whiting and her little daughter are at Venice for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barry of Monrovia are in New York for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence W. Jones of

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1409 West Twenty-fifth street left Thursday for Alaska, where they will stay a month or six weeks. En route they will visit at Seattle and other points of interest.

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Pettigrew of Burlington avenue and Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Noyes of Toberman street are at Bay City for the summer.

Mrs. E. T. Smith of Occidental boulevard, with her three children, left recently for Catalina, where Mrs. Smith has a summer home.

Mrs. George Mitchell of Figueroa street left last week for New York, en route to Europe, where she will join Mr. Mitchell.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Woodhead and their daughters, who are home from Stanford on their vacation, have taken a cottage at Idyllwild for July.

Mrs. Vinneta Riddle Beggs of 400 Lake street is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Challen Parker of Oakland for several weeks.

Mr. Hamilton Hunt and his sister, Miss Florence Hunt of West Thirtieth street have been enjoying a trip to Seattle, San Francisco, Portland, Tacoma, Victoria and Vancouver.

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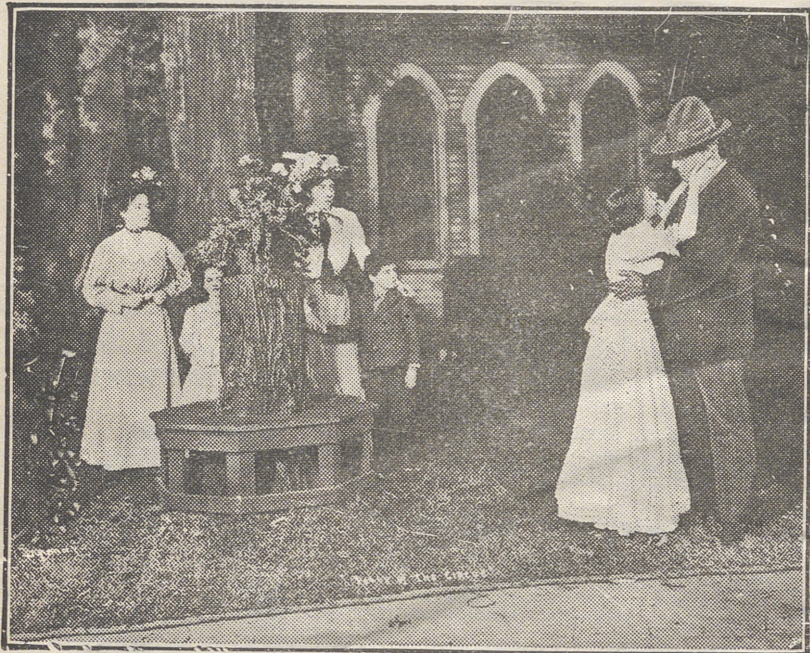
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There is good material in the new Morosco musical comedy company that made its initial bow in "Sergeant Kitty" this week, at the Majestic. The production is termed a "military musical merriment," and belike it is, but it is certain the company can find a better medium for the exploitation of individual talent than this opening piece. It is good in spots, but the spots are far apart. Harry Girard's rich and resonant baritone dominates the stage when, as Lucien Valliere, lieutenant of hussars, he is before the footlights. With a physique as large as his voice, he should develop into a capital leading man in musical comedies. At present his acting is a trifle amateurish. With a lighter but quite pleasing voice, Percy Bronson made the most of the part of De Marrillac, also a lieutenant of hussars; he has good dramatic ability and is an excellent aid to Girard. The low comedy is furnished by Charles Giblyn, who, as Captain Jonquiere of the hussars, burlesques an army officer to an impossible degree. Fred Huntley, as Pierre Picorin, a pastry cook, uncle of Kitty, assists in the funmaking. The Celestin Brideaux of Henry Stockbridge is a clever

sort the girl whose eyes in the grand stand, that fatal day, diverted his mind from the home plate. His description of the game is graphically given, and is to be accounted one of his best bits of work seen in this engagement. Other flotsam and jetsam from "the States," only safe from arrest because of the lack of an extradition treaty, are introduced to add to the diversion of the audience. James Stevens represents an impossible member of the diplomatic service, who reveals all the state secrets in his possession to every stranger he meets, but his songs are better than ever and all is forgiven. The hit of the piece is his song, "The Sun That Shines on Dixie Land," in which the male chorus assists. It is deservedly encored. Comedy, other than the Mace variety, is furnished by Edwin T. Emery and Budd Ross. Zoe Barnett as Edith Proby, an American girl in hiding for an assumed crime, has little to do, but does that little well. May Boley as "the girl with the eyes" is happily cast and does her best to relieve the dreariness of the second act, but it is a hopeless task. Helen Darling as Lady Fitzhugh is a captivating adventuress, who ogles her way successfully into the good graces of the head of the beef trust, temporarily residing in Morocco. It is a pity that so excellent a company has not been favored with better mediums than the three selected for the display of the individual merit of its members. "Piff-Paff-Pouf" and "The Umpire" are wholly inadequate, the former is inane, the latter peters out in the first act.



SCENE FROM "POLLY OF THE CIRCUS" AT THE MASON NEXT WEEK

characterization, revealing unguessed depths of humorous possibilities in this favorite actor. William Yerance is the choleric old martinet, General Du Bois, to the life. As Kitty La Tour, in love with Lucien, Agnes Caine-Brown does captivating work; she has a sweet voice, an engaging presence and arch ways that are well calculated to make for success on the musical comedy stage. Marie Nelson, as Louise de Marrillac, proves herself the possessor of a voice of high range, if a bit thin in the upper register; she is a valuable member of the company. Louise Royce added to the fun by her impersonation of Mme. Angelique, Kitty's aunt. The chorus is fairly well drilled, the costuming pleasing and the ensemble singing satisfactory. There is a score or more of good catchy songs and choruses given with a zest and spirited attack that augur well for future productions. S. T. C.

"The Umpire" at the Mason

In exactly one-half of the musical comedy "The Umpire," the offering of the Princess Theater Company at the Mason this week, to-wit, the first act, snap and go are expressed, but, alas, the last half is inexpressibly slow and dreary, entirely wiping out the margin of credit which was earned at the outset. Fred Mace as Jimmie Dolan, the umpire, a refugee in Tangier, Morocco, from enraged baseball "fans," because of a rank decision, meets at this re-

"Peggy From Paris" is better, but even that is far from the best of George Ade's clever productions. The ensemble singing in each instance is excellent, however, the chorus is good, and the musical directing of Selli Simonson of the best. S. T. C.

"Sherlock Holmes" at the Burbank

Lovers of detective stories this week had a chance to revel in "Sherlock Holmes" at the Burbank Theater, unraveling the strange case of Miss Faulkner. Sleuth Holmes, in the person of William Desmond, is right there with the deductions, and not a single dust speck, stray hair or other minute clue escapes his eagle eye. In this leading role Desmond finds a congenial part, winning heartiest applause for his most creditable interpretation. Blanche Hall as Alice Faulkner has a less exacting role than usual, but she meets all requirements. As Sidney Prince, a cockney criminal, to whom murder is slightly out of his usual line, Harry Mestayer makes a distinct hit. With a Bow Bells accent and a mincing, cat-like tread, he imparts to the character a comedy element which illuminates the heavier melodramatic features. Lovell Alice Taylor is a captivating villainess as Mrs. Madge Larrabee. Byron Beasley offers a fairly artistic depiction of Professor Moriarty. Frederick Gilbert, in the role of James Larrabee, presents the villain in true melodramatic style. Pete

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Clancy, as Billy, does a clever bit of work, and H. S. Duffield, in the character of Dr. Watson, aids in bringing the production up to the usual high standard of the Burbank company.

Farce-Comedy at the Belasco

It interferes with one's appreciation of the eternal fitness of things to see Richard Bennett doing a low comedy stunt, to see Florence Reed—strikingly attired, and adorned with a blond wig—essaying a demure dance and kicking the hat from Mr. Bennett's hands. These are merely mild examples of the way in which the Belasco company is disporting itself in "A Night and a Day in New York." The old Hoyt comedy has been rejuvenated by the Belascoites, and despite its occasionally risqué lines and situations, bordering on burlesque, it goes with a dash highly commendable, proving as it does the remarkable versatility of the stock company, individually and as a whole. Richard Bennett does a bit of real comedy work in his characterization of "Marble Hart," the innocent young thing from Jersey, and Florence Reed almost wrenches the laurels from him as Ada Marr, his ladylove. Two especially notable bits are "The Clean Man" of Charles Murray, who sings a song of his own composition that makes a big hit, and the Annette Winner of Beatrice Noyes. Fay Bainter shows an improvement in her singing that promises better things, and Adele Farrington proves herself the possessor of a good voice in an eccentric song hit. Bessie Tannehill does the only "polished" singing of the production, and she does it exceedingly well. There are many excellent character bits, too numerous to mention.

Melodrama at the Grand

"A Girl of the Streets" reigns at the Grand Opera House this week, and in a fashion warranted to send the chills of excitement chasing up and down the spinal column. The girl begins to reform in the first act, and continues on the straight and narrow way until the third, when she plugs the villyun through the heart with a blank cartridge, and thus ends his earthly career. After this ladylike performance, she is pardoned by the governor, and all ends well. The play is the best thing the company has done. Honors fall to Grace Rauworth as the girl, Kit, but Baby Lewis runs a close second in her interpretation of the child,

Tot. Her illusion of childhood is perfect. Marjorie Dalton and Mrs. Frank Frayne both do excellent work in their respective parts. George Webb is as heroic as ever, and interprets his role with the same seriousness and care that he would devote to a much more important character. Robert Leonard makes a most delectable villain, and the other members of the company perform with individual merit. The scenery is above the average, especially that shown in the third act.

Capital Bill at the Orpheum

With several new attractions at the Orpheum this week, the strongest features of the bill are the two holdovers. Mabel Hite and Mike Donlin, in their skit, "Stealing a Home," and Claude Gillingwater and his company in his own comedy sketch, "A Strenuous Rehearsal." Both turns are filled with a snap and go that would redeem a far less entertaining bill than is staged at the leading vaudeville house this week. Of the new attractions, the Novelty Dancing Four and the Ellis-Nowlan company in "A Night at the Circus," vie for honors. The first-named in vari-colored raiment present a dancing act, which, for unity of rhythm and cleverness of steps, could scarcely be surpassed. Specialty dances are given by the two women of the quartet, and Johnny Hughes with his partner sings a catchy song, with dance accompaniment. "A Night at the Circus" provides an excellent excuse for laughing, and the ludicrously funny antics of the performing horse, tempered with the really clever tumbling and other acrobatic feats of the actors, form only a small part of the enjoyment. Miss Cheridah Simpson, late star of "The Red Feather," appears in one or two songs and piano-louge, and renders her numbers with operatic vim. William Foran, with the rather mediocre support of Maurice Wilkinson, presents Harrison Armstrong's one-act political skit, "A Spotless Reputation," and the former scores easily with his lingo of the ring and his smile. Billy Van and the Vin-dobonas are holdovers.

Offerings Next Week

"Polly of the Circus," which will be the attraction at the Mason Opera House during the Elks' carnival week, beginning next Monday night, comes with a record of a year's run at the Liberty Theater in New York. It is a

pathetic little story by Margaret Mayo, concerning the adventures of Polly, the bareback rider, who falls from her horse, and, badly injured, is carried to the parsonage. Here the young minister falls in love with her, and, after a struggle, wins her for his wife. In reviewing "Polly of the Circus," the New York Herald says: "It is a gripping story of the sawdust ring that brings us fond recollections."

Elks' week at the Belasco Theater will be celebrated with a second week of "A Day and a Night in New York." Richard Bennett will continue to impersonate Marble Hart, the deacon from Jersey City, who is not so unsophisticated as he appears. Adele Farrington will be seen in the role essayed by Miss Florence Reed, and Charles Giblyn, a new member of the Belasco company, will make his first appearance in the part of Routh Book-er, played last week by DeWitt C.

of enthusiasm, the song already being in its third edition. The chorus in "Sergeant Kitty" is proving an effective organization. It numbers fifty and includes a good male contingent, which has become a rarity in musical comedy productions. "Sergeant Kitty" will continue through the week with the usual Wednesday and Saturday matinees. The nights of the Elks' parade, the performance will not begin until the parade has passed the theater, so that patrons wishing to see both parade and show may enjoy both.

Merriment and fun will reign supreme at the Orpheum during Elks' week, beginning Monday matinee, July 12. The program is practically a collection of terpsichorean novelties, interspersed with musical novelties. Heading the new bill comes Adelaide, formerly known as "La Petite," but now accorded the dignity of a grown-up star. She has a little company of

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MAUD BEATTY IN "SERGEANT KITTY" AT THE MAJESTIC

Jennings. A number of new musical numbers will be introduced, including offerings by Mr. Giblyn and George Field. Tuesday and Wednesday nights' performances have been reserved by the executive committee of the Elks' grand lodge reunion for the exclusive use of local and visiting Elks. On these two nights there will be no tickets sold to the public. Next week the Belasco company will give George Ade's comedy, "The College Widow," with Miss Helen Holmes, who will play feminine leads this summer, in the name part, and Richard Bennett as Billie Bolton.

"Sergeant Kitty" will run another week at the Majestic, where it has been cordially received by theatergoers. Individual hits on the part of members of the company have been many, and all the best-liked songs will be retained for next week's production. Harry Girard and Oliver Morosco's "Prairie Land" is rousing a good deal

girl danseuses and appears in "The Billposter's Dream." Elizabeth M. Murray is a well-known feature of Orpheum bills, and will render Irish and negro melodies in the way that has made her famous. Mildred Warren, Bert Lyons and Louise Meyers appear in another musical conceit, "When Dreams Come True," which is a mixture of singing and dancing. The Sisters Gasch are European gymnasts on their first tour of America. Their feats are said to combine novelty and skill. Holding over are "A Night at the Circus," Cheridah Simpson in new songs, Pellaton & Foran in "A Spotless Reputation," and the Novelty Dancing Four, with new motion pictures especially appropriate for Elks' week.

Augustin Daly's adaptation from the French, "The Lottery of Love," will permit the Burbank actors to return to comedy next week. The play has been seen many times in Los Angeles, but

(Continued on page 15)



What with the Fourth and now the Elks' show, next week, as this, bids fair to develop little of volume in the trading of securities. There has been a noticeable falling off of activity since the last report, for reasons indicated. In spite of lethargy, however, price movements continue firm with transactions as voluminous at least as they were at the best part of the late winter season, the most active at all times in this vicinity for the year. This means, if anything, that a period of extraordinary business may be expected in the near future.

Associated and Union Oil continue the active market leaders, with the former again being firmly pegged around 107. The other Stewart oils are stagnate, always the situation in the dividend declaratory period. Just why Union Provident should be selling two and three points below its better-known half brother is beyond the ken of the average broker or those experts who profess to know the reason for all such market phenomena.

Union's new pipe line information reached stockholders and the public this week in printed form, and the apparent facts would indicate a most promising investment in these proposed new securities. Payments, as is provided in the promotion, doubtless will be an attraction that will oversubscribe the money needed in a comparatively short time. Union enjoys the confidence of the community to a remarkable degree, and funds for almost any purpose, in almost any quantity, is forthcoming whenever those in control of Union hold up to their following the proper high sign.

Associated has regained a little of its buoyancy, and the stock again sold the middle of the week above 34. It would appear as if these shares sooner or later must be swung upward by those who control the destinies of the Hariman Oil corporation.

All of the bonds have eased off, due to coupon cutting, while the important industrials are harder than in many weeks. Home Telephone pfd. will pay its regular quarterly dividend, August 10, of 1.25 a share, and the stock is selling close to 60.

Bank stocks continue active and firm, with First National and Southern Trust most in demand. Central National has taken a ten point swing upward, and Citizens National, under its new prospective environment, continues firm at a much lower price, due to a recent large cash surplus distribution.

Money is easy, with a prospect that savings bank interest to depositors soon will be reduced in order to force idle funds to seek profitable employment.

Banks and Bankers

Local bankers are hosts to about one hundred members of the Texas Bankers Association, who are enjoying a three days' sojourn in Los Angeles as a part of their excursion trip to Portland and the principal Pacific coast opints. The Texas bankers are guests at Hotel Angelus, many of them being accompanied by their wives and daughters. Upon their arrival Wednesday evening the special train was met at San Bernardino by a party of Los Angeles bankers composed of Vice-President William W. Woods of the American National Bank, Vice-President R. I. Rogers of the National Bank of California, Vice-President Joseph D. Radford of the German-American Savings Bank, Cashier A. J. Waters of the Citizens National Bank, Cashier James B. Gist of the Central National Bank, Assistant Cashier John Alton of the Farmers and Merchants Bank, Vice-President O. M. Souden of the United States National Bank, and Assistant Cashier A. B. Jones of the First National Bank, with Edward W. McGee, general agent of the Santa Fe's passenger department. The Texas visitors will remain in Los Angeles until Sunday and plans for their entertainment have included theater parties, a trip to Catalina, where they were accorded

all the privileges of the island, and automobile ride about the city have been arranged for today. From Los Angeles the bankers will go to the Yosemite, San Francisco, Portland, thence to the exposition at Seattle, after which they will visit one day in British Columbia, leaving there for home, via Denver, where they will make a stop.

Will the emergency currency law be of any service to the banks in providing them with crop-moving money next fall? It has been confidently asserted in Stock Exchange quarters this week, comments the New York Post, that it would be, and that the realization that such assistance was available explained in a way the recent extraordinary shipments of currency by interior banks to this center. Inasmuch as last Tuesday's treasury order obliges the banks to surrender \$16,000,000 of the total \$25,000,000 government withdrawal August 15 next—the week in which the currency movement has turned against this center in most of the last dozen years—the query has real interest at this time. Three things stand in the way of using "additional circulation" advantageously during the crop movement season: first, the heavy tax on the "emergency currency," beginning at 5 per cent annually and increasing at the rate of 1 per cent a month until the 10 per cent maximum is reached; second, the inability of the farmers to make five-dollar notes do the work of ones and twos in paying off laborers; third, the general demand among interior banks for legal reserve money, which banknotes are not. The cost in itself would be an insurmountable burden except in a strained money market with call loans commanding 6 per cent or over. And even if such conditions should exist this fall, the banks would have the greatest difficulty in keeping the additional notes out after they issued them.

Bank clearings for the week ending Thursday, July 8, again place Los Angeles in the lead with the largest percentage of gain. With clearings of \$13,742,970, a gain of 43.3 per cent is recorded. Oakland, with \$2,118,990, comes second with a gain of 41.1. Sacramento's clearings are \$810,457, which is a gain of 38.5. San Jose cleared \$449,615, a gain of 28.6. San Francisco, with clearings of \$36,185,349, made a gain of 14.2. Fresno, with \$504,457, gained 9.6 per cent. Stockton's clearings were \$488,391, a gain of 1.2, and San Diego cleared \$1,088,026, no comparison of percentage gain being made.

According to the London Economist, there was still another advance in living costs during June. The index number just published reports an increase of 1/2 to 1 per cent, the number for July being 2,240. This is the third consecutive advance, and brings the number to 74 points above that of April 1, and 43 above the opening of the year. This has been mainly due to the rise in wheat and cotton prices; there is a wonderful similarity in the commodity movements now with five years ago.

Certificates authorizing the First National Bank of Claremont to begin business have been issued by the comptroller of currency. The bank has a capitalization of \$25,000, and is officered by George Jenkins, president; W. H. Beach, cashier, and O. H. Euclall, vice-president. The new national institution is a conversion of the Citizens Bank of Claremont.

Stock and Bond Briefs

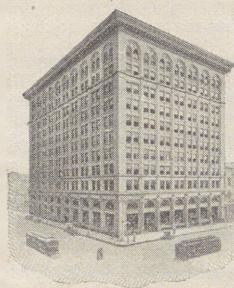
Despite the recent controversy, it is possible that the recent issue of gas bonds by Sierra Madre may be declared legal and that the city soon may start its plant. City Attorney Madden does not accept the opinion of the bond buyers' attorney as final, and if the curative act of the last legislature covers the question, the city will be saved the expense of a second election.

Sealed bids will be received by the city clerk of Santa Barbara up to July 22 for the purchase of any or all of the \$40,000 water works extension bonds. These bonds will bear interest at the rate of 4 1/2 per cent per annum. Certified check must be for \$4,000.

Monrovia citizens are circulating a petition asking the city council to call a bond election to vote \$50,000 for the purpose of installing a municipal gas plant.

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NATIONAL BANK OF CALIFORNIA N. E. cor. Fourth and Spring	J. E. FISHER, President. G. W. FISHER, Cashier. Capital, \$500,000.00. Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$140,000.
NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE IN LOS ANGELES N. E. cor. Second and Main	F. M. DOUGLAS, President. CHARLES EWING, Cashier. Capital, \$300,000. Surplus, \$25,000.
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At the Local Theaters

(Continued from Page 13)

seems to lose none of its flavor with age. In the Burbank revival, William Desmond will be seen as the much troubled Adolphus Doubledot; Miss Louise Royce as his first wife's mother, Lovell Alice Taylor as Wife No. 1, Blanche Hall as Wife No. 2, John W. Burton as her sportive father, Harry Mestayer as the flirtatious Tom Dangerous, and H. S. Duffield as Captain Merrimac. The piece will open with the Sunday matinee and continue through the week, with the usual Saturday afternoon performance.

At the Grand Opera House there will be two bills presented by the Princess Theater Company of San Francisco. The plays to be offered are "The Rounders" and a revival of "The Umpire," which has been the attraction at the Mason this week. All the Princess principals will be seen in suitable parts in both plays. Special matinees will be given during the week. "The Rounders" will hold the boards beginning Sunday afternoon, and will be given Sunday night, Monday night, Tuesday afternoon and night and Wednesday night. "The Umpire" is on for Thursday night, Friday night, Saturday afternoon and night and Sunday afternoon and night. Popular prices will prevail.

Asides

After winning seven and tying in one of the nine games played with Vernon, the Los Angeles Baseball Club left on the Owl, Monday evening, for a three weeks' engagement in the north. While on the road they will meet Sacramento, Oakland and Portland. In the absence of the Angels, Vernon will play Portland, San Francisco and Sacramento. In the first game the Angels played with Sacramento, Tuesday, the Senators were the victors, as owing to their hard work in Los Angeles and their railroad journey the home team was in poor form. Sacramento also won Wednesday's game by a score of 3 to 2. Colonel Brook's Vernonites met the Portlands at Vernon, and won it by a 4 to 3 score. The big features of this game was the appearance of "Rip" Van Hiltren as umpire. Wednesday's game was won by the Beavers, who walked over the Vernons with a score of 13 to 3. "Hen" Berry's Angels will return July 27 for a stay of five weeks.

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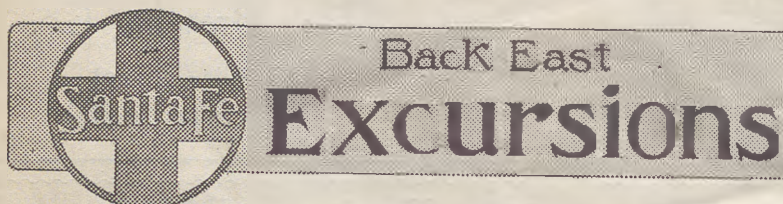
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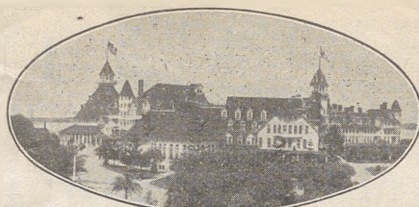
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